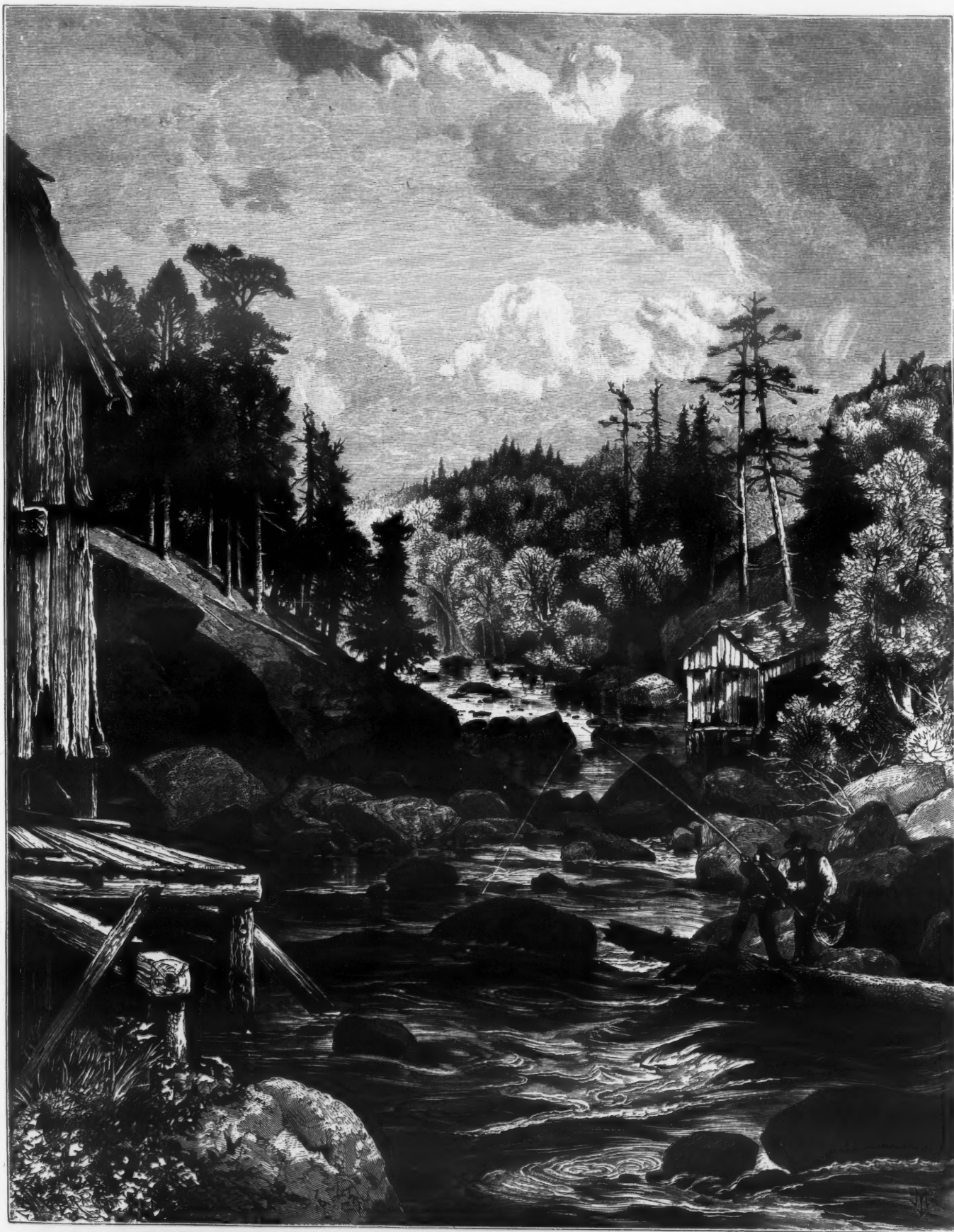


The Aldine

VOL. VII.

THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA.

No. 6.



ON THE MISSISQUOI. — THOMAS MORAN.

THE ALDINE.

JAMES SUTTON & CO., Publishers,
58 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1874.

CLOUD-PICTURES.

HERE, in these mellow grasses, the whole morn,
I love to rest; yonder, the ripening corn
Rustles its greenery; and his blithesome horn

Windeth the merry Wind, with fervent throat,
And out-puffed cheeks, as he doth lightly float
Down a fair picture, in a hall remote

Of ancient Genoa! At calm length I lie,
Fronting the broad, blue spaces of the sky,
Covered with cloud-groups, softly journeying by:

An hundred shapes, fantastic, beauteous, strange,
They take, as o'er these airy waves they range
At the Wind's will, from marvelous change to change:

Castles, with guarded roof, and turret tall,
Great, sloping archway, and majestic wall,
Sapped by the breezes to their noiseless fall!

Pagodas vague! above whose towers outstream
Banners that wave with motions of a dream, —
Rising, or drooping in the noontide gleam;

Gray lines of Orient pilgrims: — a gaunt band
On famished camels, o'er the desert sand
Plodding towards their Prophet's Holy Land;

'Mid-ocean, — and a shoal of whales at play,
Lifting their monstrous frontlets to the day,
Thro' rainbow arches of sun-smitten spray;

Followed by splintered icebergs, vast and lone,
Set in swift currents of some arctic zone,
Like fragments of a Titan's world o'erthrown;

Next, measureless breadths of barren, treeless moor,
Whose vaporous verge fades down a glimmering shore,
Round which the foam-capped billows toss and roar!

Calms of bright water — like a fairy's wiles,
Wooping, with ripply cadence and soft smiles,
The golden shore-slopes of Hesperian Isles;

Their inland plains rife with a rare increase
Of plumed grain! and many a snowy fleece
Shining athwart the dew-lit hills of peace;

Wrecks of gigantic cities — to the tune
Of some wise air-god built! — o'er which the Noon
Seems shuddering; caverns, such as the wan Moon

Shows in her desolate bosom; then, a crowd
Of awed and reverent faces, palely bowed
O'er a dead queen, laid in her ashy shroud —

A queen of eld, — her pallid brow imperaled
By gems barbaric! — her strange beauty furred
In mystic ceremonies of the antique world.

Weird pictures, fancy-generated! — one by one,
'Twixt dazzling sheen, and vagrant shadows dun,
These transient visions vanish in the sun.

I close mine eyes, — still stretched at languid ease; —
While, like a dreaming Dryad, the low breeze
Sighs thro' the lush, long leafage of the trees: —

Sighs — as in rhythmic murmurings of a strain
Whose sweetness, blest of yearning joy and pain,
Veils the hushed spirit as a sunset rain,

Falling in scarce-heard music from afar,
Girds the slow-waning slopes of hill and scaur,
'Twixt the last sun-flush, and the earliest star!

— Paul H. Hayne.

BIANCA AND FILIPPO.

"I SAY it is! His beard is all brown and crisp from the fire!"

"And I say it is not true, Filippo! Does not Messer Dante take me on his knee every afternoon, and dost think I could not tell it?"

"You! Pooh-h-h!" in long-drawn-out accents of boyish contempt. "You can not see any thing, or smell what is under that nice little nose of yours, when you are listening to those long tales about —" Filippo stopped short, and shrugged his expressive Italian shoulders.

"Thou knowest nothing about it; thou hast not

* In one of the old Genoese palaces there is a picture by an early Italian painter, — name unknown — in which the Wind is personified as a lusty boy, winged like a cherub, and blowing a big horn, with an appearance of blended strength and glee most happily rendered.

heard the stories," answered Bianca, her blue eyes full of tears.

"I care not to hear them," scoffed Filippo. "I had rather listen to the duke; Della Scala talketh about Brescia and Padua; he letteth heaven and hell alone."

"Can Grande is very great; but he goeth above or below, like other men!" retorted Bianca.

"What dost say, Bianca?" laughed a gay voice behind the children. "Where didst send me to, *carina mia*?"

Truly, the children were caught now; and it took all their Italian courtesy and court-breeding to keep them from running away. Filippo stood, cap in hand and head bent; Bianca courtesied, wishing that the ground would open and swallow her up. Can Grande della Scala, lord of Verona, Ghibelline conqueror, patron of the arts, and withal a gay, handsome man of thirty-three, looked down on the boy and girl, well pleased to find a new pastime in teasing them. "Where didst say I was to go, Bianca?" he repeated, seating himself on one of the garden benches, and holding the child fast before him, her hands clasped between his own.

The poor little maiden! Never had her nine summers brought her so hard a question. Shake out her curls as she might, they would not hide the scarlet flush on neck and brow, as she slowly answered, "I only said —"

"Well, what is the rest of it?"

"I did say that your excellency would have — would have to go to heaven or hell at the last," she faltered, very low.

"Ai!" Can Grande let go her hands. "Thou art young to be speculating about such matters." Then, with surprise turned to bitterness, "Wouldst have me go speedily, signorina?"

"Oh! I can not tell thee how it was, eccellenza," and Bianca began to cry in good earnest.

"No, eccellenza," spoke Filippo; "we did speak of Messer Dante; and I said I liked better thy talk of the camp and the wars than his gloomy stories about heaven and hell. But Bianca, she liketh his tales; and then it was she said that — what she told your excellency now."

"So that was the way, was it?" said Della Scala, rising, his hand on Filippo's shoulder. "Well, we will not flout thee, little one; but Messer Dante himself often wants to unsheath my sword. Filippo and I will do the fighting, and leave thee and him at Verona to dream about heaven and hell. One can not do two things at once."

"Did your excellency say you would take me to the wars with you?" cried Filippo, jumping up and down with delight.

"Some time, some time, Filippo. I see I must be watchful of my words. How old art thou, boy?"

"Twelve, next April, your excellency."

"This being May," laughed the duke. "Four years from this, Filippo, will be time enough to think about that. No need of looking so gloomy about it, boy," as Filippo's face fell. "Bianca cries, and thou art like a thunder-cloud. I like not these long faces about me. Come into the banquet-room, and let us see what we can find there." So saying, Della Scala walked off, Filippo clinging to his hand. "Art not coming, Bianca?" he called back, perceiving that the girl had not followed them.

She hesitated, for it would not do to refuse the duke. However, he only laughed, and said: "She will none of us, Filippo. Messer Dante, perhaps, will come to console her by and by. But you and I like good cheer better than long faces, Filippo *mie*. Is it not so?"

Filippo's laugh of delight was his only answer, as the duke led him through the hall into the banquet-room. Others were already there. The guests were as various in degree and quality as the dishes that graced the board; but one figure stood out among the others, his plain, sombre raiment thrown into strong relief by the gay dresses of the company. Dante Alighieri, poet, patriot and exile, showed his dark, pale face, so weird in its pallor, so worn, yet so powerful, that Filippo shrank back as the poet passed to his place, thinking, "It must be true what Monna Giovanna says the women in the Plaza tell her: Messer Dante has been to hell, and seen it all!"

Whatever his visions, the Florentine seer had little to say that night. To tell the truth, his speech was not much sought; for his waning favor in Can Grande's eyes was losing him many of his courtly summer friends. Nor was the fault all theirs. How greatly the spirit of Dante altered we may tell as we note the difference between the portrait by Giotto and

the death-mask. The first — smooth forehead, calm eyes, peaceful mouth — show the grave and thoughtful scholar, loving Florence too well to dream that she should one day disown him. The second — furrowed brow, eyes drawn back into their sockets, scornful lips — all tell another tale. How should a hunted exile not be suspicious? How should he not be scornful, whose lot it had so often been to weigh men in the balance and find them wanting? To me, that face is the noblest that painting has kept for us, and I look up from my writing to study it once again. It has preached me many a sermon on patience and high-mindedness; I am ashamed of my little frets and fumes before that grand, sorrowful countenance; but — would I like it opposite me three times a day? I am not sure; I fear I might be like the careless Della Scala — find the atmosphere too high for me, chafe at the restraint of that lofty presence, and writhe under the great spirit's scorn of my littleness.

Jests and wine went round the board, and the mirth grew fast and furious. Filippo's eyes shone with delight, and once or twice, greatly to his own confusion, his shrill child's laugh rang out clear and distinct above the voices of his elders. He met, however, no grave, rebuking glance; for the duke's jester was even cleverer than his wont that night, and no one minded the boy.

"Bones, bones, bones! Nothing but bones at the end of this mighty feast," quoth the court fool. "Eccellenza, what doth your highness do with so many bones. The father saith wastefulness is a sin."

"I give them all to the greatest fool at court, Gian," Can Grande answered, throwing a pigeon's wing so as to light among the fragments scattered about Gian.

The courtiers applauded the ducal wit. "How dost like thy dinner, Gian?"

"Savory morsels, my lords; all too good for a poor fool like Gian! I know my betters. Will *Il Duca* send Antonio this way?"

With a nod, Can Grande sent the attendant to Gian. "Dogs have their day, and so have fools. Be waited on while thou mayst, Messer Gian; it may not be for long."

"I would only send these dainty morsels to their owner," Gian returned, as he gathered up all the scraps and bones near him, and whispered to Antonio. The latter made half the circuit of the table, paused where Dante sat, looking far withdrawn from the noisy merriment of the rest, and emptied the salver at the poet's feet. A shout of laughter made the room ring, and it was some moments before the master of the feast found breath to ask, "Good Messer Dante, how like you your providing?"

The dependent exile looked at the heap of rubbish at his feet. Every word of his reply had bitter emphasis as he spoke: "Were Dante Cane,* there had not been so many bones!"

The blood flamed in Can Grande's cheeks at the taunt; but, even as he spoke, the uncourtly Florentine had quitted the room. Through the hall where grave attendants gave him decorous salute, from the piazza where the ladies of the ducal court were sitting, throwing idle words of banter to fall on heedless ears, he passed into the garden-alley, where the shade lay deepest, and the silence was only broken by the fountains playing. There he found Bianca, who had come to the shady corner to cry out her trouble.

"Oh! Messer Dante," was the child's cry, as she put her arms out in welcome, "did you know how much I wanted you?"

"No, *carissima*." The set features relaxed at the child's caress; the voice, so harsh and grating a moment before, softened into clear, sweet tones: "I only found how little thy elders wanted *me*!"

She looked up, half-comprehending, and the old trouble returned. "It is not true; no one believes what Filippo heard in the Plaza! Tell them, and tell Filippo, Messer Dante, that it is all foolishness!"

"There is much foolishness in the world, little Bianca," returned the poet; "and it may not always be banished by the showing of it for such. But what troubleth thee, my little one? See, the sun is setting; thou and I will watch it here; thou wilt tell me what the trouble is, and then — there may be story-telling — who knows?"

Bianca gave a low laugh as she felt the kind arm about her, and pillowed her head on the exile's dark serge vest, where her golden locks shone more brightly than ever. "Tell me thy trouble, little

* A play on the word "dog."

one," said Dante, looking down into the fair, young face. "Filippo hath vexed thee? Somebody hath said somewhat—was not that it?"

The child toyed with the chain about her friend's neck. "Canst not tell me the trouble?" he asked again. "Hath Filippo been unkind? I fear his boy's ways are all too rough for thee, my little spring-flower."

"No, no! Filippo is good! It was—it was about thee!" Bianca answered, with a sob.

"About me?" The darkling look of the banquet-room came over Alighieri's face again. "Then, Bianchetta, I am very sure it is not worth tears; albeit I am glad that Dante Alighieri has one friend at Della Scala's court."

"But—but you must tell them all that it is not true!" passionately cried the child, sitting bolt upright. "Oh, Messer Dante, bid them be silent!"

"Why, little one, little one, tell me what it is that troubleth thee? What doth Filippo say?"

"He saith—that Monna Giovanna saith—that the women in the Plaza say—say—"

"Say what, Bianca *mia*?"

"That thou hast been to hell, and that is the way thou knowest all about it," gasped out Bianca, her head buried in the folds of the cloak. "And Filippo said your beard was all brown and crisped with the fire; and I said that I knew better, for I sat on your knee so often." She raised her hand to the thin, dark cheek. "It is not true! It is so soft—so soft!"

The caressing hand was stayed for a kiss before the answer came: "Bianca *mia*, such idle talk is not to be heeded. Verily, one may see hell without leaving Verona!" And the bitter tone showed that the evening's insult was in the speaker's thought.

"Oh, surely, it is not here!" The startled child looked round as if to see the flames.

"Bianchetta, Bianchinetta, thou art a foolish child, as well as a loving one. There is naught here to harm thee. Knowest not, little one, that man worketh for himself hell, and purgatory, and paradise?"

Bianca's eyes, childishly grave, looked up at him. "Doth Filippo know that?"

The Florentine shrugged his shoulders. "I can not tell; Italy is a poor place to learn it; nor is the lesson easy to be learned at court. Mayhap, thou canst teach him, little Bianca."

"But he thinketh me so little! I am only nine years old, and he is eleven."

"Nine years old," he repeated in slow, measured tones. "Nine years old!" Verona and idle gossip, Della Scala and affronts, were all forgotten; the exile was again at Florence, and the child Beatrice once more looked upon him from the window.

Bianca sat quiet for awhile; then her hand stole up again to play with the slandered brown beard. "Good Messer Dante, thou didst speak of a tale; dost thou remember?"

"Ay, Bianca. But I think we will have no story—but the truth to-night. Thou art nine years old, *carissima*; shall I tell thee of the most noble lady whom I first saw when she was nine years old?"

"Oh! wilt thou tell me of Beatrice?" Bianca pronounced the name with the reverent gesture that she might have used in speaking of a saint.

"Yea, Bianca; I would tell thee of her, who oft leadeth Messer Dante from Verona into Paradise. The vision is changed since I first saw her. It was May, as it is now; and as thou hadst May-day pastime with thy playmates here, so had I, a Florentine boy, at the house of the Portinari. The lady Beatrice stood in the door-way; a little maid like thee, Bianca, and dressed in the color that I love to see thee wear."

"Oh! Is that the reason thou liketh my crimson dress so well?"

"Yes, little one. She moved among us that day with a face like the face of an angel, so calm and serene was it. Nor was she neglectful of our comfort. We were her guests that day; but she moved through our games like a being from another sphere. Well do I remember the greeting she gave me. I was tardier than the rest, and stood hesitatingly, not knowing which was the little queen of our feast, and the signorina put out her hands with: 'I am Beatrice, Dante Alighieri.'"

He paused for awhile. "Did you never see the most noble lady again, Messer Dante?" asked Bianca, timidly.

"Once, Bianca *mia*: she passed along the street, clothed in pure white, and turning her head, gave me salutation. It was to my soul as if an angel had said,

'Ave!' Then death deprived me of her living presence; yet still she cometh unto me."

"In your dreams?" whispered Bianca. "Doth she bring those wonderful sights thou seest? What saith she when she cometh? How looketh she?"

"More radiant in her beauty is my lady every time she cometh unto me; and, lest my dazzled senses should blind me that I miss her, her greeting still falls: 'I, even I, am Beatrice.' But it groweth dusk, little one; they will be seeking thee in the palace."

He set down the child and rose to go: "As for Filippo's idle tales, they are not worth heeding, Bianca; vex not thy little heart over them."

"No," agreed Bianca. "But, Messer Dante, thou sayest my crimson dress is like the noble lady's—dost think that I could ever be like her?"

A quick gesture of negation was the answer; the childish desire sounded like profanation to the lover of Beatrice. Bianca felt the displeasure. "Was it a wicked thing to say?" she asked, trembling.

"Nay, Bianca, not that; only thou art like Filippo, and knowest not what thou sayest. Dost see the moon yonder?"

"Yes," said Bianca, turning to the east. "She is like a great silver wheel to-night, so large and round; I like her best when she maketh herself a bow."

"Dost see the little star above the palace tower?"

"No; there is no star there. Oh! there is one—a very little one."

"My lady is brighter than the moon; thou art less than the tiny star. Thou need'st not fret, Bianca," seeing the child's crestfallen expression. "God maketh thee a star—great or little as it pleaseth Him. See that thou shine where He placeth thee; then all will be well." So saying, the poet led Bianca back to the palace, and saw her safe beside her mother, the cousin of Ugucione della Fagginola, Pisa's exiled count, Dante's firm friend, and Filippo's father. Then he wandered forth again to seek the company of the silent stars: those stars of which he wrote to the Florence willing to receive him as penitent, not patriot, that they were everywhere free to an exile's gaze; the stars whose light he welcomes—his passage through hell safely ended—whose heights Purgatory makes him pure and apt to mount, whose moving source he reaches only when the Love and Light of Paradise are gained.*

Ten years have passed over divided Italy, and the year of grace 1321 finds her divided still. It finds Della Scala—grown, perhaps, more dominant and careless than of old—glad to be rid of the tiresome guest whose genius only plagued him; Florence still refusing to own her noblest son; Henry of Luxembourg dead, and in his grave buried the fairest hopes of those who sought better things for Italy than the selfish triumph of either Guelf or Ghibelline; Dante Alighieri at the court of Ravenna, a loved and honored guest, yet still an exile, and the ambassador to whom Venice has denied an audience—last indignity of all. It also finds Filippo della Fagginola grown into a tall, straight, manly young soldier, who has long since learned to honor his father's friend more filially than in the days when he filled Bianca's ears with Verona gossip; but yet holding himself at heart the poet's superior in some matters, and thinking it well that the world had more practical men than Messer Dante at its beck and call. Had Filippo, instead of being the great Florentine's respectful shadow, held the foremost place in that unlucky embassy to Venice, who knows whether things might not have gone differently? though, doubtless, Guido of Ravenna ought to know his own business best. But the years have brought much to the little Bianca who nestled in the exile's arms at Verona, to watch the sunset from the ducal gardens. Time has brought her all the gifts that make a woman charming, yet has not robbed her of her childish beauty: the blue eyes look up with their old frank unconsciousness, but with thought and feeling in the heart of their clear depths; smiles come and go about her mouth, yet leave undisturbed the look of tranquil sweetness that has gained for the signorina the title of "The Lady of Peace." Dearer than ever is she to the hearts of all about her, and were affection to be weighed or measured, it were hard to say which holds her dearest—the grave, saddened poet-exile, or the blithe, young, hopeful Filippo, whom she weds to-day.

There is a grand wedding procession, for Guido Novello delights to honor both bride and bridegroom; and since their own city of Pisa may not

* The last lines of the "Inferno," "Purgatorio," and "Paradiso," all end with the word "stelle."

witness the bridal, Ravenna makes it as splendid as she may. But Dante is not at the festival: Venice's rejection has been the last straw laid upon a burthen that has grown day by day these nineteen years.

There is a banquet, and a dance follows. The lady Bianca does her part, much as long ago Dante described the lady of his love moving among other children: she is in them, but not of them; no gentle courtesy is lacking, no graceful salutation is omitted; but once, when the tide of congratulating merriment ebbs for a moment, she whispers to her husband: "O Filippo, I weary of it all! I long to see Messer Dante; it seemeth a bad omen that my wedding-day should lack his presence."

"Messer Dante would chide thee for talking of omens, Bianca *mia*," answers Filippo. "But our bridal shall not lack his good word. Our guests will soon be weary of us as we are of them; and then we will seek thine old friend. Dost know, Bianca *mia*, I never believed so well in his 'Paradiso' before?"

A blush and a smile in return, and again the throng sweeps about them. Two more hours of mortal weariness—wedding receptions being as tedious in the fourteenth century as in the nineteenth—and the young couple are free.

Up the winding stairway, through the long corridors pass the bride and groom, while the grim portraits and gloomy statues look grimmer and gloomier than ever for the radiant flash of youth and beauty that lights their darkness for a moment. There is a pause at the door before they are admitted; and, as they enter, they are cautioned to make their stay brief. The long suffering is well-nigh ended; the bitter bread is all eaten; the weary stairs are all climbed—Dante Alighieri is dying!

His eyes kindle with pleasure as the fair, grave young couple cross the palace chamber and kneel at his bedside. "We would ask your blessing on our happiness, noble sir," says Filippo, in the grave, full, earnest tones that, men say, so often help the young Fagginola to carry his point. There is conviction in his voice, the people say.

"Your blessing, Messer Dante," whispers Bianca, her head bowed beside her husband's.

The thin, worn hands move unsteadily forward. Little life is there in the fingers now; yet to their dying day Filippo and Bianca will remember that affectionate, clinging pressure. "A better blessing than Dante's be upon you," says the poet's voice, not yet reft of all its old sweetness. "Blessed be the bride Bianca; the good God bring her to be in very deed and truth—Beatrice!"

Bianca's heart thrills as she hears spoken the name of the woman most deeply revered—most highly honored of all the women whom the poets have sung. Well she knows that Dante's prayer for her is, that, as the lady of his own love has been exalted above the region of time and sense, she, Bianca, may rise to live a lofty life beyond the limit of Italian storms.

"Blessed be the bridegroom, Filippo; and blessed be Italy in him. And, if his country return him cursing for blessing, as hath been her wont, blessed be he with the blessing of Dante Alighieri, who, in his trouble, sought for silver, and found gold! 'Diligite justitiam; Dominus regnavit.'"

The last words ring out with solemn force; the dying man folds his hands upon his breast, and Filippo and Bianca kneel on in silent prayer. As they rise, they see that the words of blessing were meant for words of parting, and they must be gone; but Bianca's lips touch with reverent salute the cheek that the great poem has made lean and haggard, ere she lets her husband lead her from the room.

Before the morning breaks, the exile has gone home; and it is with a heart full of mingled joy and sorrow that the ministering Franciscan Frate has spoken the Church's God-speed to the dying, "Depart, O Christian soul." Surely, never has a Christian soul more bitterly learned the truth, "This is not your rest." To-morrow all Ravenna will gather to the funeral, and Guido Novello himself will pronounce the oration over the Florentine patriot who lies before him in a Franciscan's habit, his hands crossed upon the Holy Scriptures, his broken lyre resting at his feet. Florence spurned him living; she shall not have him dead. Let her rear a stately monument to his memory when she pleases; here in Ravenna shall the poet's ashes rest. And, but that it were irreverence to think that earthly praise or blame could thrill the spirit that has passed beyond them, one might deem the poet-patriot well pleased with the title that is his at last—Dante Alighieri, the First Italian.

—Belle White.



A GLIMPSE OF THE MISSISQUOI.—THOMAS MORAN.

WILHELM VON KAULBACH.

On the 7th of April last, this great historical painter, of the modern German school, died at Munich, from an attack of cholera. He was born at Arolsen, in Westphalia, on the 15th of October, 1805, and was, like so many famous English and American artists, the son of a poor man who possessed a love for the fine arts, combining engraving and miniature painting with the trade of a goldsmith. The father wished his son to study for an artist; but the boy evinced no love for the profession until he had become a well-grown lad, when it is said his dormant talent was aroused into activity by seeing one of Schiller's tragedies acted, and by examining some engravings which he found in an almanac. With considerable difficulty in the circumstances of the family, young Kaulbach was sent to the art academy at Düsseldorf, in 1822, where he came under the teaching of the celebrated Peter von Cornelius, the director and virtual founder of the school. Kaulbach soon attracted the attention and won the approbation of his gifted teacher, and in 1825, when Cornelius went to Munich to assume the directorship of the academy in that city, he was followed by many of his Düsseldorf scholars, Kaulbach among the number. At this time King Ludwig, of Bavaria, was erecting the Odéon, a hall for musical purposes, and being an eager patron of art, he commissioned from the young Westphalian frescoes of "Apollo Surrounded by the Muses," a work of colossal proportions, for the ceiling of the new hall. Kaulbach was also appointed to a share in the decoration of the palace garden arcades, for which he painted the four principal rivers of the kingdom, and "Bavaria," in colossal allegorical figures in fresco, besides designing cartoons on the various virtues of a sovereign. When the king's new palace was built, Kaulbach was engaged to paint several rooms with a series of frescoes from Klopstock's "Battle of Hermann," and Goethe's poems. In the palace of Prince Maximilian he painted a series of frescoes with Cupid and Psyche for the subject. Many European artists consider fresco-painting a part of their artistic education, and claim that it is of great benefit, enabling them to produce effects, to group figures, and acquire facility in drawing, not otherwise to be obtained. This hint may be of benefit to American artists, few of whom consider fresco-painting of much importance. These frescoes called attention to Kaulbach's genius, since they showed a new individuality.

We read in M. Taine's "Philosophy of Art," that the different works of an artist bear a family likeness,

like the children of one parent; that every artist has his own style. The artist himself belongs to a whole, one greater than himself, comprising the school or family of artists of the time and country to which he belongs. The family of artists is itself comprehended in another whole more vast, which is the world surrounding it, and whose taste is similar. M. Taine, therefore, lays down this rule: "That, in order to comprehend a work of art, an artist or a group of artists, we must clearly comprehend the general social and intellectual condition of the times to which they belong."

It will be remembered that the school of which Overbeck, Cornelius, and Kaulbach were such illustrious members, arose in Rome early in the present century. A colony of young German artists in that city held that "Christian art" had died out, and they proposed to recover this by earnestly and industriously cultivating the "asceticism, symbolism, pale color, and calm symmetrical arrangement" of the early masters. As a necessary introduction to this work, several of the student-artists solemnly joined the Roman Catholic Church. "There was this great root of noble truth at the bottom of the belief," to quote a modern writer, "that every worker worthy of the name must be consecrated to his work by a deep conviction of its truth and living power, and by a life in some degree in keeping with that conviction." Cornelius, who was Kaulbach's teacher, joined the brotherhood of German artists in Rome, but having a wider and more catholic nature than his companions, he diverged from severe religious art to his illustrations of the great German mediæval poem and ballads.

While engaged in painting the chapel of the lunatic asylum at Düsseldorf, Kaulbach made the sketches for his great picture of the "Narrenhaus" ("Lunatic Asylum"), which appeared in 1828. There are those who regret that the artist did not devote more of his time to the illustration of the present and the real, rather than in great compositions and the mere illustration of other men's works. But we must remember the school in which Kaulbach was educated; the influence upon him of those artists with whom he came in contact, and instead of regretting what he did not accomplish, let us be thankful for what he has done. Miss Tytler, in her "Modern Painters," says: "Kaulbach's aspiration was to represent every contrasting aspect of humanity; not only its grand heroic side, but its peaceful, domestic capacity, and its fatal facility of wandering into error and vice. In this aspiration he was not contented with his essays in the dignified abstract manner of Cornelius, but coveted a

closer familiarity with life, desiring, among other means to this end, to become a more earnest and truer colorist. His elders of the school of Cornelius, who were devoted to the central thought in a picture, and inclined to despise any anxiety over details, and who were particularly contemptuous of the cultivation of color as an important feature in art, regarded Kaulbach as a renegade from their principles!"

Kaulbach's works are familiar to most art-lovers in this country, through the numerous and admirably executed engravings and photographs of them which can be found in all the print shops, and which adorn thousands of American homes. Usually his pictures lost nothing by being engraved or photographed, since he was not a famous colorist. In 1837 he painted in sepia for Count Raczynski, one of his masterpieces, "The Battle of the Huns." The following year appeared his famous illustrations to "Reynard the Fox," pictures full of humor and satiric power. In 1846 he painted for Louis I., of Bavaria, his second grand, heroic composition, a colossal work consisting of a series of pictures on one canvas, "The Destruction of Jerusalem." This great cartoon is familiar to the world, having been engraved on steel after eight years of labor. In 1845 Kaulbach commenced to decorate the vestibule and staircase of the new museum at Berlin, upon which he was engaged for twenty years. Two great and new pictures were produced in this series: "The Blooming Time of Greece," and "The Era of the Reformation." This last cartoon was twenty by thirty feet, and was first exhibited at the Universal Exposition of 1867 in Paris. Subsequently it was purchased by an American gentleman, and was exhibited in New York City in 1869.

Kaulbach painted many frescoes for the New Pinakothek, at Munich, and for the Germanic Museum, at Nuremberg, choosing among his subjects in the latter instance the opening of the tomb of Charlemagne, at Aix-la-Chapelle, by Otho the Great. A short time before his death he finished a picture of St. Michael, in which are introduced portraits of the Pope, the Emperor Napoleon III., and his son. He was a busy worker in other departments of art, executing portraits, book illustrations, etc.

Kaulbach's gifts were widely recognized, and he enjoyed great popularity. He was offered the directorship of the Dresden Academy, was appointed the Bavarian court painter, and became a member of the Academies of Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, corresponding member of the Paris Institute, Knight of the Order of St. Michael, and Officer of the Legion of Honor.

— Fuller-Walker.



MOUNT MANSFIELD, FROM RICE'S HILL.—THOMAS MORAN.

VIEWS IN VERMONT.

THE four beautiful illustrations of scenery in North-western Vermont, which we present this month, from the well-known pencil of Thomas Moran, open up to the reader a section of our common country, excelled by none for picturesqueness, yet, heretofore, not fully appreciated by tourists and artists. The extensive range of territory in this country—as large as the entire continent of Europe—gives every variety of scenery and geographical features, furnishing an inexhaustible source of material for the picture-maker, from the everglades of Florida to the rounded slopes of the Green Mountains; from the mighty Rocky Mountains to the sylvan beauties of Lake George. All through Northern Vermont the face of the country is exceedingly attractive, in its quiet, sunny valley beauty, watered by pleasant streams, and environed in the distance by enchanting hills.

If the tourist will leave New York City, traveling up the Hudson River to Albany, and thence by rail through Burlington and St. Albans, Vermont, he will find himself in a place which Henry Ward Beecher says is "in the midst of a greater variety of scenic beauty than any other that I remember in America." St. Albans is a very pretty town, of some six or eight thousand inhabitants, with a handsome square and fine public buildings, standing on high land, a few miles east of the shore of Lake Champlain. This town is famous in recent history as the scene of a raid from Canada during the rebellion, and as the point at which the Fenians gathered a few years ago, when they made their descent upon the Dominion. It is noted also as the great butter and cheese market of New England. Eight miles from St. Albans by railway, the little hamlet of Sheldon Springs is reached, a place yearly becoming more and more famous as a summer resort through the combined attractions of its delicious climate, beautiful scenery, and the remarkable mineral springs which flow from the earth; not less than thirteen being found within the space of an acre, while no two of them are alike in medicinal qualities. One of these springs is the largest in the world, flowing fourteen thousand gallons daily.

The scenery in the vicinity of Sheldon Springs, along the banks and in the valley of the Missisquoi River, the largest stream in Vermont, is exceedingly wild, charming, and beautiful. Franklin County is noted for the fertility of its soil, its great dairy farms, and the general thrift and prosperity of its inhabitants. All good agricultural districts are fair and pleasing to look upon; but when they possess the

additional attractions of grand mountain ranges, fine old forests, deep valleys, sparkling rivers, and dashing waterfalls, they become lands of enchantment. "On the Missisquoi, Sheldon, Vt.," is a characteristic sketch of a New England river: the waters of which dash on forever, through forests, and over rocks, past old mills, eddying, swirling and rushing, regardless of the sportsmen who patiently fish for pickerel and perch. "A Glimpse of the Missisquoi, near Sheldon Springs," is one of those quiet, midsummer pastoral landscapes, which allows the eye to feast itself by feeding upon the beauties of a lovely and happy valley, at the bottom of which silently flows the winsome river. The great granite boulders in the foreground, the large and ragged evergreen trees, the play of sunlight over the landscape, can be seen nowhere else so well as in Vermont. The picture of "Mount Mansfield, from Rice's Hill," is an admirable panoramic view of the northern portion of the Green Mountain range, which ranks next after the White Mountains as the noblest chain east of the Rockies. Extending from New Haven, in Connecticut, this range traverses Western Massachusetts and the whole length of the central part of Vermont, ending in Canada. From the piazzas of the hotel at Sheldon Springs, fifty miles of the summits of the Green Mountains are visible. From Rice's Hill, where Mr. Moran sketched this charming picture, seventy miles of these mountains come into full view. Lake Champlain, from Burlington to Canada, is seen, and far across the lake the Adirondacks lift their heads, "not in chains as single peaks," to quote Mr. Beecher, "but in vast broods, a promiscuous multitude of forest-clothed mountains." In the north is scooped out in mighty lines the valley of the St. Lawrence, and on clear days the eye may spy the faint glimmer of Montreal. The special views and general scenery, and especially the sunsets, are very glorious. The sun often disappears in the west behind the Adirondacks, lighting up the clouds and the waters of Lake Champlain with all the colors of the rainbow.

"Far to the west
Thy slumbering waters floated, one long sheet
Of burnished gold,—between thy nearer shores
Softly embraced, and melting distantly
Into a yellow haze, embosomed low
'Mid shadowy hills and misty mountains, all
Covered with showery light, as with a veil
Of airy gauze."

Mount Mansfield is the loftiest of the Green Mountains, 4,348 feet in height, and rises twenty miles east of the city of Burlington. The chief peaks of the Green Mountains are in Vermont, as Camel's Hump,

Jay Peak, Shrewsbury Mount, Mount Lebanon, South Peak, Killington Peak, etc. Many of these are in sight from the hills around Sheldon Springs, as Jay Peak, which is 4,018 feet high, Owl's Head, Mount Elephantis, Mount Oxford, and Willoughby Mount. Not the least interesting incident of a summer tour to Sheldon Springs is the ascent of Jay Peak, from the top of which the White and Franconia mountains, Lake Champlain, and the Adirondacks can be seen. The beautiful full-page illustration of "The Missisquoi at Sheldon Springs" gives us a broad and characteristic view of Vermont scenery, a delightful valley set like a sun-sparkling gem in a border of green mountains. Through the broad valley which stretches between the river and the mountains will run the Vermont division of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railway, in course of construction by the Messrs. Fairbanks, the well-known scale manufacturers. This road, passing southwest of the White Mountains, traverses a region of country of unsurpassed beauty. When completed, in the course of another year, delightful excursions will be organized over this and connecting lines, embracing nearly every point of interest in New England. Near Sheldon Springs there is found a succession of falls in the Missisquoi, in all one hundred and nineteen feet. When at full banks it is quite an imposing river, and even at its lowest state the murmuring of the falling water is always heard.

To those who are fond of short excursions, there are all the attractions of Lake Champlain, a few miles away, in the west, and Lake Memphremagog, a sheet of water thirty-five miles long, by from two to five in width, at the northeast. In both of these lakes fishing can be pursued with great satisfaction, especially in the latter, where large and delicately flavored trout abound, while the surrounding scenery is grand and beautiful in the extreme. The western slope of Vermont, the Green Mountains being the back-bone, sinks into the broad and fertile plains which border Lake Champlain, and are traversed by Otter Creek, the Winooski, Lamoille, and Missisquoi rivers. The evergreen forests on the mountains alternate with broad pasture lands, and the deciduous groves on the lowlands are interspersed with tillage fields of rich, loamy soil. The remains of great forests of spruce and other trees can be found on the banks of the Missisquoi, gloomy in their interiors, but healthy and refreshing with the air loaded with balsamic odors. It is in the midst of such scenes and surroundings that Mr. Moran has drawn the excellent series of pictures herewith given to the reader.

ISIDORA.

From the German of Carl Herlossohn.

WERE I the ocean,
An ocean of love I'd be;
With a thousand arms I'd encircle thee:
Were I the ocean.

Were I the sky,
All the stars I'd displace,
You only heaven should grace:
Were I the sky.

Were I the sun,
I'd extinguish light and warmth,
Night should rest o'er land and sea:
In my and thy heart only,
There light and warmth should be.

— F. A. Porter.

NOT A HEROINE.

I AM afraid that it would be a hopeless matter to make a heroine of Zaida Bennett. There was little of the heroic, nothing of the romantic, in her composition. She was the most matter-of-fact young woman in the world, though her parents were both rather high-strung, imaginative people.

Mr. Bennett was an artist of some eminence, and his wife had won some reputation by her pen, and both were students and scholars in general art and literature.

Zaida, however, cared little either for books or pictures. She had lived in a literary and artistic atmosphere all her life, and yet, strange to tell, she had no particular respect for authors or artists. She used to say she thought them "very much like other people."

She was pleased when her father sold his pictures and when her mother's MSS. were found acceptable; but it was rather because the money so obtained enabled her to buy the things she wanted, than on account of that indefinite glory which young persons call "fame." Zaida had even been heard to say that she thought "an ounce of check was worth a pound of compliment."

When she had nothing else to do she would now and then read "story books," as she called them, but she cared nothing for poetry. She said that if it was not tiresome it stirred you up and made you feel uncomfortable, and where was the use in that? She did not affect to despise those things for which she did not care. Indeed she was incapable of affectation. It was simply that these matters were not in her line. Now, I am afraid that every one will set down my little girl as stupid and disagreeable, but she was any thing but stupid, and in her way she was charming.

She had great good sense, and she had no sort of pretension. She was not so very unselfish, but she tried to do her duty as she understood it; her temper was not all sweetness, but she kept it well under, and she was never self-conscious. She was very pretty, she never made an awkward motion, and she had a knack of having her own way without contention, and of saying and doing the right thing at the right moment. There was no malice in her, and no envy, and she was constitutionally light-hearted. It had never occurred to her to sigh for "an object in life," but an object had lately presented itself, or rather himself, in the shape of Joe Fenton, her old playmate and friend.

Joe and Zaida were engaged, to the great satisfaction of both families. The Rev. Dr. Fenton, his wife and daughters, loved Zaida, and the Bennetts highly approved of Joe.

On that eventful evening on which the young people had settled matters for themselves, Mrs. Bennett naturally held motherly conference with her daughter. I suppose it would be hard to convince many people—Mr. Trollope, for instance—of the fact, but the truth is, many mothers are ill pleased with the prospect of losing their daughters, do not seek for sons-in-law, and are not happy when they present themselves. It was hard for Mrs. Bennett to give up her only one even to such a good, steady fellow as Joe, who adored Zaida with an intensity which, perhaps, that young woman hardly returned, even when she gave him all that was in her little heart to feel; but, as I said, she was not romantic.

"It will be hard for mother to give you up," said Mrs. Bennett, who was a pretty, soft, pleasant woman.

"Well, I know it, mother," said Zaida, sitting down on the floor, "and it troubles me a little to think how you can manage the house alone; but then I suppose

I should have married some time, and you know Joe and all the Fentons so well, I thought you'd like him better than any one else."

"But, Zaida," said the mother, who never quite understood the child's business-like ways, "are you sure you love Joe?"

"Why, yes, mother, or I wouldn't have him. I don't want to go into fits about him; but then I always did think Joe was nice—don't you?—and he's so steady, and by and by he will be drawing a higher salary. And then I've always known him, and I shan't have to get used to him as I should to any one else; and then there is the doctor and Mrs. Fenton and the girls, and I might not like any one else's mother and sisters, and they might not like me; and then we belong to the same church, and though we shan't have much to begin with, I know how to manage, and I think we can be very comfortable; and then, I'm fond of Joe. I think he's real good."

Mrs. Bennett, remembering her own engaged days, the heaven into which Percy Bennett's first avowal had seemed to lift her, far above this work-day world, could not but wonder at her daughter.

"Are you sure that that is quite enough, my darling?"

"Why, mother, we always get along together very well. I understand Joe like a book. He's got a temper of his own, I know, but he's a real Christian, Joe is, and he tries to be good always, and I'm not perfect myself."

"He thinks you are, Zaida."

"Oh well, he's a boy. He don't know any better; but, mother, I think I can get on with him better than if I began by thinking he was an angel, because he ain't, of course; nobody is, and now if little things come along I shan't be dreadfully disappointed and think he's uncongenial and make a great fuss." And Zaida began to comb out her pretty yellow hair.

There was clearly no use in reasoning with such a very reasonable young woman as this. Her mother kissed her, and bade her good-night with a sigh, and Zaida, left to herself, went on combing her hair.

"I do like Joe," she said, as she looked at her own pleasing reflection in the glass. "I wish he was rich, like Will Markham. But I should be tired to death of Will. He's always wanting me to read books and talk about such big things, and I'd never marry just for money. I think it's the meanest thing, and Joe is sure to get on, and I don't see why we shouldn't have real nice times together." And then Miss Bennett said her prayers with rather more devotion than usual, for the little thing was sincerely religious after her fashion.

"I hope I'll make Joe happy, and I mean to have a nice little swing tea-kettle," was Miss Bennett's last thought before she slept the sleep of innocence.

Joe and Zaida settled down for a long American engagement. Joe was in a New York bank, on a very moderate salary, and though his father was a popular clergyman in a large church, there was a great family of the Fentons and other claims upon the doctor's income, more than I could find room to name in these pages. Mr. Bennett could give his daughter something, but not much. The two young people were not at all extravagant in their ideas. Joe would have had the most intense contempt for the distressed lover who parts from his lady-love because he can not give her a lady's maid and an opera box. Joe would have recommended such a man to "go to work and do something," which was his panacea for all the ills of life. Such ills as could be cured by no course of action Joe endured uncomplainingly, perhaps a little grimly. He was sometimes inclined to be down; but he knew his faults, and fought his own occasionally sullen temper as he would have fought any other adversary.

The two lovers were not much alike; but they suited one another, and the course of their love ran very smooth.

Joe gave his mind to his work for his work's sake. It was not in one of Dr. Fenton's children to be a mere hireling. He liked to talk about his business to Zaida, and she interested herself in the matter. Zaida was "little and good." Her aunt Matilda was wont to say that "there was nothing in the girl;" but she was mistaken. The seed of good that was in her was genuine, alive, sound, and healthy to the core. It needs keep on growing and bringing forth fruit, and "a beet that will come up is better than a cedar of Lebanon that dies in the ground."

It happened, however, at the end of a year, that Joe's uncle by marriage, Mr. Harold, found for Joe a

better situation in another bank, the income from which would enable him to set up his modest house-keeping. The said bank was a new one, in Rhinekill-on-the-Hudson, where Mr. Bennett had pitched his tent.

Joe heard the news from his uncle Saturday morning, and that night he went up on the boat to Zaida. "And now, Zed," he concluded, when he had told his story, "why can't we?" Zaida flirted out the bow of his cravat with her little fingers, and replied sweetly: "Well, Joe, if you really want to, I don't see why we can't."

It was May, and it was settled that the marriage was to take place in July. Mr. Bennett and Dr. Fenton put their resources together and gave the pair a little house with a respectable plot of ground on a new street in Rhinekill.

"It's better to have a good lot than a big house," said practical Zaida; "because if you can afford it ever, you can build, but you can't make ground, and I do like a nice place to dry clothes."

Joe and Zaida were as happy over their "place" as two birds building a nest. Joe had a man to dig the garden, and set out some fruit-trees with his own hands, and felt himself a freeholder and a citizen; and Zaida resolved in her mind many things about kitchen and parlor.

In June she went down to New York to stay awhile with the Fentons and do some shopping. The day of her arrival was wet, and she, Mrs. Fenton, and her daughters settled themselves in Mrs. Fenton's room for a comfortable day. This room had been familiar to Zaida ever since she and Lois Fenton had made their play-house and dressed their dolls in the window seat.

Lois Fenton was a noticeable girl, with many gifts, at once shy and outspoken, dreamy and practical, a creature full of contradictions. She and Zaida were very unlike, but were the best of friends. Zaida took Mrs. Fenton's place at the sewing machine, on which instrument she was a great performer, and the machine and the young ladies' talk made a considerable buzz in the room.

Suddenly, Jeannette Fenton, who had been sandwichee in a novel between her seams, pitched her book on the sofa in disgust.

"I never saw such a pair of idiots!" she cried.

"Who?" asked Zaida.

"These two people. Quarreling and sulking, and listening to talk about each other, and running away from one another, and never having the sense to ask a straight question."

"I do get out of patience with novel people," remarked Lois. "Go read some of them, you'd think the post-office was as unknown as in the days before the flood."

"If people quarreled then, they had time to make it up," said Jeannette.

"I dare say they had only just so much more time to make themselves ridiculous," returned Lois.

"Or to be unhappy and alone," said the fair, soft, rather sentimental Alice.

"Well, people in books are absurd," said Zaida, waxing her seam. "Don't you think so, Mrs. Fenton?"

"You must not expect me to abuse story books," said Mrs. Fenton, who was an omnivorous reader.

"They might be just as interesting and not be so silly; but then some people are so. Now, there was a book Will Markham lent me,—he's always wanting one to read something,—and I looked into it on the cars, and the man in it (he's a Jew, by the way), he's desperately in love with a girl, and he sends her a bouquet when she's going to a concert, and she don't carry it because she thinks so much of it, and then he never says a word to her and lets her marry the other man she don't care for a bit. I think he must have been an awful shy Jew," concluded Zaida, who now and then used her words like a school-girl.

"Why, Zaida, you don't mean 'Counterparts?'" cried Alice, horrified.

"I don't remember. It was a real thick book. But I never saw a man that was so easily discouraged as that," said Zaida, from the depths of her experience, and heedless that the girls laughed.

"Well, now, Mrs. Fenton, is there any use in being so senseless?"

"No, my little girl; but then many people are rather senseless."

"But people differ, you know, mother, and if you thought any one you loved didn't care for you, or had said something, could you ask him—her, I mean—do you think—?" said Alice, bewildering herself.

"Depend upon it, my dear, straightforward is the best course."

"But, Zaida, if you had been made to believe that Joe had treated you badly, would your pride let you go to him and ask him about it?" questioned Alice.

"Course I'd ask him," replied Zaida, with a pin in her mouth.

"But if you couldn't?"

"Then I'd tell my mother or yours, and get them to find out. What's a girl's mother for? But then I wouldn't let any one come talking to me about Joe, and I'm sure he wouldn't let any one talk about me; and if any one did, I hope he'd have the sense to come to me about it."

"But, Zaida, do you and Joe never quarrel?" asked Alice, who felt that it was hardly according to poetical fitness that the course of love should run so very smooth.

"Dear, no. That isn't Joe's way. He's never only a little cross. He's either real good, or else he's savage; and then, what should we quarrel about?"

"You might differ, Zaida."

"Oh, he leaves every thing inside to me, only when I ask him; and I leave the outside to him, only when he wants to know what I think," said Zaida, who could conceive of no subject of discussion except "the place."

"You won't make a morbid anatomy heroine out of Zaida," said Jeannette. "Her head is too full of her housekeeping. I believe the most acceptable present you could make her would be something for the kitchen."

"Well, I hope I shan't be all luxuries and no necessities," said Zaida. "There was Mary Elmer. When she married she had such lots of silver; and Tom had only his salary, and they had to pinch so to get along. I do like nice tin things," said Zaida, looking up with a rapt expression as if she saw a beatific vision of tin things in the air.

"Joe," said Zaida, as the two were together that evening, "if any one ever comes and tells us stories about each other, don't you think we would have sense enough to ask each other about it, and not fly out and make a fuss like the people in novels?"

"I should hope so," returned Joe. "I think fellows in novels are ridiculous for the most part."

When Zaida went home with her bag full of parcels and her head full of business, she was not greatly delighted to find her aunt Matilda, who had arrived in her absence.

Mrs. Matilda Long was a lady who, with the best intentions, had a singular knack of producing the worst effects. Her judicious interference, her sympathy, her efforts at peacemaking had brought about more misunderstandings and quarrels, broken engagements and matrimonial differences, than if she had been a professed mischief-maker. Mrs. Long saw things as if they were reflected in the bowl of a spoon, and acted as if the reflection were a reality. She delighted in playing the confidant and offering sympathy. Many people thought Mrs. Long "a sweet woman," but there were others to whom she was "as smoke to the eyes and vinegar to the teeth."

She and her brother and her brother's wife were on civil terms, but very little more, and Zaida and her aunt were not congenial spirits.

Zaida made her "confidences" to her mother; she was not anxious to be sympathized with; she could not be made to believe herself miserable and misunderstood, and therefore Mrs. Long thought she had "no character;" but nevertheless she was a little afraid of Zaida.

It happened that evening that several people dropped into Mrs. Bennett's parlor, and among the rest, Mr. Will Markham. Will conceived himself to be in love with Zaida, and had been made very miserable by her engagement. It was a sort of misery that found relief in reading "Locksley Hall," and transferring to Joe the traits of the much-abused, and, probably, misrepresented squire, and in that general style of behavior which boys call "mooning."

To Will's misfortune, he had nothing to do. His father was rich, indulgent, and the son had no turn for business. He had given himself to literature; that is to say, he read modern poetry and novels, and had published some misty, rather ungrammatical poems in a paper which did not pay for poetry. Will had erected Zaida into a goddess, and he sat on the sofa and watched her as she flitted about, and listened to her when she sang, as if he said, "Here I and sorrow sit."

Zaida was a little disgusted with him, and did not notice him particularly; but Mrs. Long, who had met

Will before, divined the state of the case, and saw here a fine opening for sympathy.

"Zaida looks sweetly this evening, Mr. Markham," she said to Will, — not that she thought so.

Will started, as if from a reverie.

"Yes," he said, with a sigh.

Mrs. Long looked at him as the sympathetic Sybil may have looked at Æneas, and laid her hand, which was pretty, upon his arm.

"She is a mere child," she said, with a responsive sigh, "a gay, light-hearted girl. How little she knows of the cares of life!" And then came another sigh, as though this were a most melancholy state of things.

"She is, indeed. If only she need never know. If I could but protect her from — what am I saying? Will you come and walk on the piazza, Mrs. Long?"

The two passed through the long open window, and there Will, who had as great a genius for giving confidences as Mrs. Long had for receiving them, poured out his soul to this sympathetic lady.

"If it were only to any one else that she had given the priceless pearl of her love," said Will; "but Fenton is — oh the most commonplace, common-minded man. To him the world is all matter and no spirit. He is just one of the ordinary business bores that our world breeds by hundreds, and to think of her

— "cowered to his level day by day, What is fine within her growing coarse to sympathize with clay."

"You distress me, Mr. Markham," said Mrs. Long. "I have never seen Joe but once, and then he seemed an ordinary person. But are you sure? Though I know you poets have a gift to discern the inner spirit of men and things."

Will felt that he was appreciated. No one had ever called him a poet before.

"You shall judge for yourself," he said. "One evening I read aloud that most ethereal breathing of devout mysticism, 'The Blessed Damozel.' You know it?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Long, with a look of rapture at the roof of the piazza.

"Zaida was silent. I know she felt awed, but Fenton said that he thought the young woman might better have been helping the five handmaidens with their sewing than leaning over the gate looking after the young men, and then he went on and calculated that if only half the human race went to Paradise, the five handmaidens must have made a white robe every three minutes, and said he hoped they had a Willcox and Gibbs."

"Horrible!" said Mrs. Long, with a shudder, "and is it possible that Zaida loves this man?"

"She thinks she does," said Will, gloomily; "but she does not know herself. They have grown up together. She takes old friendship for love. A swan reared among tame fowls before its wings are grown may think the common creatures around it are of its kindred blood; but when once its pinions are fledged, it soars to find its mate; but think of the agony if those strong wings are bound to earth." And Will thought that he had said a fine thing, and did not reflect that Zaida was not given to soaring, and was in fact more like a bantam than a swan.

"You talk like a lover, Mr. Markham," said Mrs. Long. "But yet I know Zaida. I have studied her character, and I know that a life-companion who would form her mind to the higher life would be to her an inestimable boon. With your feelings, what might you not expect for the dear girl? I can not but think she has mistaken her own sentiments. It may seem idle, and yet I would bid you not despair."

This edifying conversation was continued for some time, and when Will went away, Mrs. Long had convinced herself that the best thing that could happen to Zaida would be to break her engagement with Joe and reciprocate Will's devotion in order that her character might be elevated. As to Joe's feelings in the matter, Mrs. Long did not consider them at all, and then, though it was by no means her first consideration, she could not help thinking that it was better to be aunt-in-law to the only son of a wealthy broker than to the fifth scion of a minister with very little but his salary.

The next morning she proceeded to sound Zaida, as that young lady sat making trimming for her mother's dress in the parlor.

"You have seriously prepared for this great coming change in your life, I suppose?" she said.

"Yes, most of my things are done now," replied Miss Bennett; "only that lovely blue poplin Mrs. Harold gave me. Wasn't it nice of her?"

Zaida, whatever were her feelings about the coming change, was not going to talk about them to Aunt Matilda. Mrs. Long sighed and looked at her niece as though she were that young lady's anxious guardian angel.

"My love!" she said, "is it possible that it is only of such preparations that you think?" ("She sees her mistake and tries to escape from the coming agony," thought the romantic aunt.)

"Oh, yes," said Zaida; "I have underclothes enough — not that I wanted such quantities of things as some girls have. I don't see any use in fixing as if you never expected to have any thing again."

"I suppose you expect to be perfectly happy with Mr. Fenton?" said Mrs. Long, asking what she thought a leading question.

"Nobody is that; but I think we can be pretty comfortable," said the unenthusiastic bride-elect.

"Is Mr. Fenton at all like Mr. Markham?" inquired Mrs. Long.

"Oh dear no!" said Zaida, with emphasis, and blushing just a little, as Mrs. Long concluded, on Will's account.

"Zaida," she said, impressively, "would you rather he were?"

Now, Zaida had caught herself that morning wishing that Joe had some of the money which Will threw away in mere self-pleasing, and thinking how much better use he would make of Will's chances, and it was with a slight shadow on her face that she answered:

"Well, I wouldn't care if he was, in some things."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Long, now quite convinced that Zaida's real affections were fixed on Will, "remember that no momentary embarrassment can be compared with life-long anguish and regret. Are you sure that you have given your whole soul where you have pledged your word? Is there no hesitation, no possibility of withdrawal before plunging over the brink? Do confide in me."

"I've nothing to confide," returned Zaida. "I like Joe well enough and he likes me. Why, Aunt Matilda, do you suppose I don't know my own mind at this time of day?" And saying that she must go and measure her mother's skirt, she swept her trimming together and left the room.

That afternoon's train brought down Miss Annabel Haviland, a cousin of Zaida's, who was to be one of her bridesmaids. The summer before, she and Zaida had been in the mountains with the Fentons, and there Annabel had met one Harold Burns, who had straightway fallen in love with her, and she with him. Harold's mother, however, a very domineering, very vulgar, very rich, very "stuck-up" old lady, had upbraided Annabel with trying to "catch" her son, and had given her to understand that she, Mrs. Burns, moved in too high a sphere to be mother-in-law to "a girl without a cent and without family."

Annabel, proud of the old Puritan stock from which she sprung, had been stung to the quick. She dismissed her lover on the instant, went home, and refused to see him or answer his letters, and his mother carried him abroad in triumph. Annabel was unhappy enough; but she made no parade, and did not refuse to be Zaida's bridesmaid.

Mrs. Long was ignorant of all this, for Mrs. Haviland had not made a confidant of her sister, with whose genius for interference she was too familiar.

That night, as Annabel and she shared the same room, Mrs. Long undertook to find out something about Joe Fenton.

"It seems to me," she began, "that Zaida is not as happy as usual."

"I am sure she ought to be happy, if any one can be," said Annabel, rather sadly.

"Why?"

"Because any girl might be happy with Joe."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Long, with a penetrating look, and remembering various novels in which bridesmaids were in love with bridegrooms, "do you think so well of him?"

"He is one of the best fellows in the world, and I am sure he loves Zaida with all his heart."

"You saw a good deal of him last summer," said Mrs. Long, her conjecture growing up into conviction as rapidly as Jonah's gourd.

"Oh, yes; we were all together," replied Annabel, with a little sigh, as she remembered the days of that gone-by summer.

"I fancied he was rather an ordinary person," said Mrs. Long, watching the effect of her words.

"I wish honor and honesty and kindness of heart were more ordinary than they are," said Annabel,

with some emphasis. "I think Zaida the most fortunate girl in the world," she added, turning away and contrasting in her own mind Mrs. Fenton with old Mrs. Burns. It was enough. It was plain that as Will's affections were fixed on Zaida, so were Annabel's on Joe. Mrs. Long piqued herself on her penetration, but if she had known much of the real nature of girls, she might have been sure from Annabel's words that Joe was not the object of her affections.

Mrs. Long lay awake for some time building castles in the air, all of which were to be tenanted by grateful nephews and nieces owing to her the correction of their mistakes and the happiness of their lives.

The next day Mrs. Long went down to New York, and on her way the theories which she had founded on such very sandy ground grew up with the rapidity of Jack's beanstalk into definite realities, demanding the instant aid of disinterested benevolence. She somehow persuaded herself that Annabel had confessed her unrequited love, Zaida her mistaken choice and her real affection for Will Markham, and she so mixed up in her excited imagination her own impressions of the state of mind of the two girls and their real words, that she could not tell one from the other. She saw herself sympathizer-in-general during a transition period which was to end in making Annabel Mrs. Fenton and Zaida Mrs. Markham.

When her day's shopping was done, Mrs. Long entered Dr. Fenton's house, where she was to spend the night, as full of importance, mystery, and eagerness as an old hen about to make a nest.

The doctor and Mrs. Fenton were called away by the sudden illness of a friend. Some acquaintances of the young ladies coming in engaged their attention, and Mrs. Long found her opportunity and "interviewed" Joe where he sat reading the newspaper in his father's study.

She had a long conversation with him, if that can be called conversation where only one talks and the other listens, and after a vast deal of preparation she bestowed upon him her news. She did not mean to tell lies, but inspired by a sense of the fitness of things, she felt, like other dramatic historians, that if facts would not suit her convictions of the truth, they must be made to suit. She spoke as if her inward persuasion had arisen from the direct confidences of the two young ladies in Rhinekill, wound up with a fine panegyric on self-sacrifice, and a pathetic account of what Annabel and Zaida were

suffering in offering themselves on the altar of mistaken duty.

Joe, who knew nothing of Mrs. Long's ways, was utterly overwhelmed, though he made no outward sign. In answer to all her delicately expressed sympathy, he only said, rather gruffly, that he supposed if she had not thought it right to speak she would not have spoken. Then he made his escape and went up to his own room, where the poor fellow suffered an intensity of torture of which poor, foolish Aunt Matilda had no conception.

stood Annabel, and that some awful experience, nature unknown, enabled her to detect unhappy love with an instinct as unerring as that which leads your neighbor's hens into your garden.

Zaida looked incredulous, and then came over her a frightful idea. Was it possible that Aunt Matilda could have told this story to Joe?

"You never can have gone and talked to him?" she cried.

Mrs. Long winced, and then tried to be dignified. "You need not lose your temper, Zaida. I acted

for the best. My dear child, I understand your state of mind; and, believe me, Mr. Fenton is not suited to your nature, nor yours to his. My darling child, you are so young and inexperienced. I am confident from what Mr. Fenton said that he himself feels that you are worthy of a higher devotion than he can give you, and Annabel—"

"Joe's a great deal better than I am," said Zaida, rather shortly, "and if you please, aunt, I'd rather you did not interfere." And then Zaida held her tongue, an effort for which I hope she will get due credit, and left the room. She was provoked, though she did not understand the full extent to which her aunt had "acted for the best."

"Was ever any thing so tiresome?" she thought. "I won't tell any one. It would only make a fuss, and Annabel would explode. It's no use to worry. She is as she is; but I'll write to Joe." And she did, as follows:

"DEAR JOE:

"Aunt Matilda said she told you her absurd notion about Annabel. It's all nonsense. She will never care for any one but Harold. I wish something would happen to that horrid old mother of his. I rather fancy that aunt has said something else about me. She is always doing something, and it is a way some people have, but we none of us mind it much, though it is provoking sometimes. I am sure we shall not

let any one make trouble between us. Ask your mother whether it's worth while to have my blue poplin made with a train? Joe, dear, do come down Saturday if you can.

"Your own,

"ZED."

Zaida put on her hat and went to post this letter, but she had not gone three steps from her father's gate when she met Joe. As she looked up, she gave a little cry of dismay. Joe's face was pale and set, almost fierce, and he hardly answered her greeting.

"Joe! What's the matter? Your mother or Lois?"

"No," said Joe, rather shortly, but with a sudden, half-sense of relief, as the army of spectral possibilities that Aunt Matilda had called up to haunt him began to break up their camp like the spectres before the walls of Prague; "I want to speak to you."



ALMOST A DINNER!—AFTER GUIDO VON MAFFEI.

In the morning, Mrs. Long herself had some misgivings, but having begun the matter, she resolved to carry it through, and on her way toward Rhinekill she resolved to enlighten Zaida on the subject of Annabel's unrequited devotion to Joe.

It was nearly evening, however, before she could screw her courage to the point, and when, after many roundabout hints she had accomplished her purpose, she was disgusted that Zaida burst out laughing.

"Oh, Aunt Matilda!" she said, "what a funny fancy! It's all nonsense."

"Zaida, I am confident of the fact."

"Why?"

In answer to this downright question, Mrs. Long could only look mysterious, declare that she under-

"I've just written to you," said Zaida, slipping her hand into his arm. "I suppose Aunt Matilda has been worrying you."

Joe never spoke till they reached the piazza. Then he took her hands and looked into her face.

"Zaida, look here. Your aunt says you told her it was Markham you cared for, not me, and that you had made a mistake. You might have told me yourself. I don't want any girl to marry me from a sense of duty."

Zaida grew perfectly pink with indignation at Aunt Matilda.

"I said so! A likely story! And when all my things are actually made! Joe, you never thought so; but of course you couldn't help being worried."

"It was nothing, then?"

"I can't imagine what she made it out of, only that she asked me if you were like Will, and I had been thinking how much better you'd spend all Will's money than he does, if you had it, and how much good you'd do with it, and how I should like to help you, and all I said was I wouldn't care if you were more alike in some things."

Joe, in his wrath, called Mrs. Long a hard name.

"You dear fellow! It's a shame. Will Markham, indeed! Well, Joe, he did ask me just after we were engaged; but I never told you, because if you wanted a girl and she didn't like you, you wouldn't want her to tell the one she did like, you know. But I never would have had him any way, with his tiresome poems, and he's always reading that, what's his name—Pigburne?"

"Swinburne," said Joe, immensely relieved; "and Zed—she said—well it seems absurd to repeat it—that Annabel—" and Joe hesitated and colored.

"Oh, she thought Annabel was in love with you. It's the greatest nonsense that ever was," said Zaida, laughing, and then she stopped in dismay, for she saw her cousin at the bottom of the steps, and though Annabel passed on with her head in the air, Zaida knew that she had been overheard and would be obliged to explain matters presently.

"You're right; of course you are," said Joe, relieved. "Good-by, Zed. No, I can't come in; I must catch the train, and I couldn't be half-civil to your aunt. There, give me my letter. Good-by, my precious." And Joe kissed his betrothed and rushed back to New York, as happy as if the Hudson River road had been the path to Paradise, and the engine an angel with wings.

Annabel awaited her cousin and majestically de-

manded an explanation of the words she had heard, which, in justice to herself and Joe, Zaida was obliged to give. As she had expected, she was unable to restrain her cousin's indignation at Aunt Matilda.

Aunt Matilda, however, instantly assumed the rôle of a martyr, and your martyr in domestic life is a creature as irrepressible as a guinea-hen. She had acted for the best; she had been influenced by the purest motives; but she was the most misunderstood of human beings.

Between her brother and her two nieces poor Mrs.

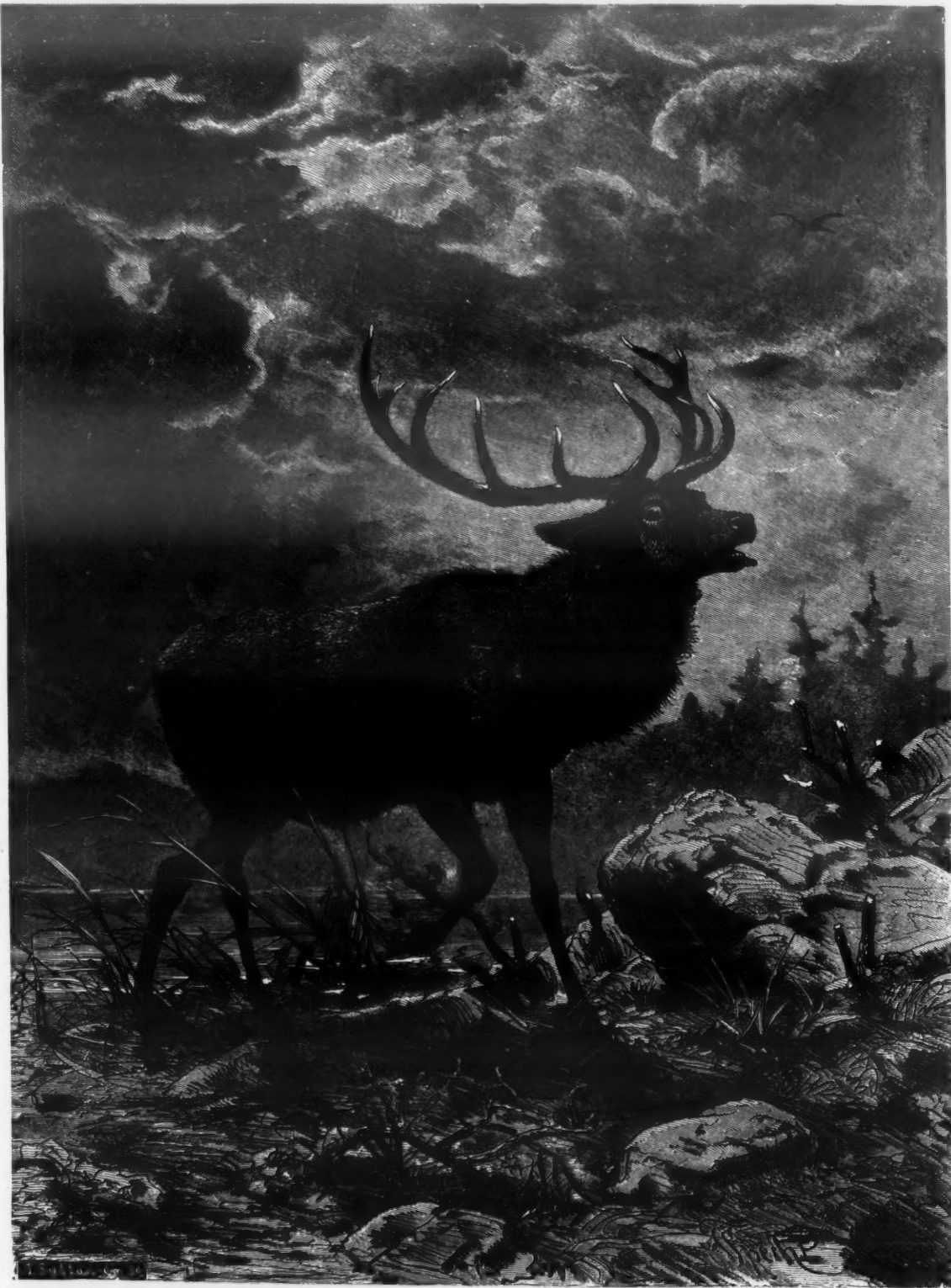
greater impunity than take the life of a stag deer. At the present day the red deer, so beautifully drawn in the illustration by Specht, is confined to the highlands of Scotland and the forests of France and Germany. A few red deer once lived as far north as Norway; but the wolves proved so destructive to them, they deserted the mainland for the islands. In America the red deer is common from Canada to Mexico, and may be found in most of the States where there is sufficient forest to protect them, from the Adirondack woods of New York to the Rocky

Mountains. Large numbers of red deer used to be sent to the New York City markets from Delaware, Orange and Rockland counties, but they are every year growing more and more scarce. This graceful animal, with its nobly branching horns, is very fleet of foot, has great powers of endurance, and has been known to swim for a distance of ten miles. Nor is it entirely devoid of courage, for when driven to bay it turns upon its foe with great ferocity and defends itself with its horns, often running their sharp spikes into the flesh of a stag-hound or a wolf. There has recently been on exhibition in New York City a spirited group in plaster by Edward Kemeys, representing a combat between a panther and a deer. The deer has thrown the panther upon his back, impaling the neck of the ferocious animal upon two of the sharp branches of his antlers.

In olden times the red deer was often hunted by a large and powerful dog known as a stag-hound. In the opening of the poem of "The Lady of the Lake," Walter Scott spiritedly describes the beginning of the chase. We read that the stag at eve had drunk his fill, and deep his midnight lair had made in lone Glenartney's hazel shade. When the sun

shone red on Benvoirlich's head, the deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay was heard, with the clanging hoof and horn:

"The antlered monarch of the waste,
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky:
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var."



A HARD RUN!—AFTER SPECHT.

Long passed a very bad quarter of an hour. She justified herself by repeating what Will had said about Joe, in consequence of which Zaida, who had before tolerated Mr. Markham, would hardly speak to him.

Mrs. Long would not stay to Zaida's wedding, nor has she since visited her niece. Indeed, I doubt whether Joe could be induced to receive her as a guest.

—Clara F. Guernsey.

THE RED DEER.

The red deer is common to Europe and America, and was once frequently to be met with in a wild state in England, where the laws were so strict for their preservation, one might almost kill a man with

WITH THEE.

If I could know that after all
These heavy bonds have ceased to thrall,
We whom so long the fates divide,
Should calmly slumber side by side,—
That one green bough would drop its dew
Softly alike above us two,
All would be well, since I should be,
At last, dear loving heart, with thee.

How sweet to know this dust of ours,
Mingling, would feed the self-same flowers,—
The scent of leaves, the song-bird's tone,
At once across our rest be blown,—
One breadth of sun, one sheet of rain
Make bright the grass above us twain!
Ah, strange and sweet, for I should be,
At last, dear tender heart, with thee!

But half the earth may intervene
Thy place of rest and mine between,
And leagues of land, and wastes of waves,
May stretch and toss between our graves,—
Thy bed with summer light be warm,
While snow-drifts heap, in wind and storm,
My pillow, whose one thorn will be,
Beloved, that I am not with thee.

But if there be a blissful sphere
Where homesick souls, divided here,
And wearied out with useless quest,
Shall find their longed-for heaven of rest,—
It in that higher, happier birth,
We meet the joy we missed on earth,
All will be well, for I shall be
At last, dear loving heart, with thee!

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART.

WASHINGTON may now pride herself upon a National Art Gallery. On January 19th, 1874, the Corcoran Gallery of Art was opened to the public. The ground, buildings, with the collection of paintings, statuary, bronzes, and vases, are the munificent gift of W. W. Corcoran, Esq., to the City of Washington. This bequest of \$600,000 was made, and the building commenced, in 1859; but during the war the gallery was occupied by the Government. In May, 1869, the property, with the rents due from the Government, was deeded to the trustees, to carry out the original design.

The building is a handsome structure of pressed brick and freestone, in Renaissance style of architecture, situated on Pennsylvania avenue, opposite the War Department, and is one of the great buildings of the city. The front has niches for statuary, and is inscribed "Dedicated to Art."

The first floor is occupied by rooms for the superintendent and trustees, a retiring-room for ladies, and a side hall containing vases and articles of vertu, and a complete collection of bronzes by Barye, the celebrated French modeler of animals and reptiles—all small, and representing different attitudes and forms of action. Among the most noted are a bear beset with hounds; a lion trodden upon by two horses and riders; a dying stag beset by dogs; while lions, tigers, bears, eagles, and crocodiles are seen in various forms of animation. Mr. Walter, of Baltimore, who has the charge of purchasing works of art for the Gallery, was impressed with the influence of Barye upon French art, upon seeing a painting in course of completion by Gerome—"The Apostles Delivered to the Lions." Struck with the calm-looking attitude of the lion, staring in a kind of amaze, "That is a novel and powerful treatment, monsieur," said Mr. Walter. "It is not mine," said Gerome, "but a lesson from my friend, Barye. I had made a merely hungry and wild lion. Barye saw it, and said, 'A lion would not behave so on entering an amphitheatre; he would look at first bewildered with the scene.'" Gerome changed the picture, and thus art was made true to nature. In the same room are the electrotype fac-similes of thirty magnificent silver vessels found in an abandoned Roman camp in Saxony. They give us a correct idea of the richness and wealth of the Romans in the age of their power: ewers, bowls, ladles, plates and tripods, each richly traced with figures in relief.

On this same floor, across the rear of the building, is the great hall of sculpture, one hundred feet in length, now empty and still in the hands of the workmen, who are engaged in decorating the upper walls with friezes recently imported from the Parthenon. As soon as this work is completed, the celebrated Ghiberti Gate of Florence will be erected across the eastern end of the room. Eighteen feet in height, it will cover nearly the whole end wall. Busts of Clytie,

Titan, Apollo, Æsculapius, Homer, Ajax, Barbarini, and Diana, two heads of horses of Hyperion, the two Fates, Theseus, Iliissus Discobolus, will soon be placed in position in this room. Also fine casts of the Laocoon, from the original at the Vatican; and the Venus de Milo of Canova, of Gilbert and Thorwaldsen.

On the left of the staircase, in the front entrance, is a colossal bust of Napoleon by Canova, a copy of the celebrated statue at Milan. On the right is a bust of Humboldt, by his protégé, Rauch. The *chef-d'œuvre* of this most distinguished of German sculptors is the monument of Frederick the Great at Berlin, upon which he spent twenty years.

On the second floor is the grand hall of paintings, equal in size to the hall of sculpture on the first floor, 100 feet by 45. The walls are painted with a light tint, surrounded with heavy walnut wainscoting. Mr. Corcoran has added to his previous gifts his own private collection of paintings and statuary, valued at \$100,000, now increased by the purchase of a dozen more pictures last season. In so large a collection one rarely sees so few ordinary paintings, while most are of high order in composition and general style of color, embracing a great variety of subjects and manner of delineation, all being grouped in a pleasing and artistic manner by the accomplished Dr. MacLeod, himself an artist.

Fronting the entrance to the hall is Elliot's full-length picture of Mr. Corcoran—a very correct likeness of a handsome, genial face and portly form.

At one end of the room hangs Gerome's "Death of Julius Cæsar." This is a very large canvas, representing the senate chamber, upon the floor of which lies the rotund form of Cæsar. His toga, which partly conceals his face, is pierced by the assassin's blade. The solitude and silence of the room is fitly represented by the dull gray color, and the death-pallor of the face seems reflected in the atmosphere. The chair in which the dead man presided is overturned, suggestive of the recent tragedy.

At the other end of the hall is a larger and grander picture than Gerome's, called "The Drought in Egypt." It represents several Egyptian women gathered around a well, with their pitchers still upon their heads, or thrown listlessly upon the ground, as they find the water turned to blood. A look of anguish is upon every face as they sit in mournful silence. One holds in her lap an infant, which she seems watching with anxiety. In the centre of the group stands a venerable scribe with a roll of papyrus under his arm. With one hand raised to his face, he seems wrapped in meditation and wonder at the cause of this strange sight. At his side stands a mother, holding upon her extended hands, above her head, her dead child, with a livid expression upon her face. On the right of the picture reclines a princess in the arms of her servant, who, having removed the jewels from the neck and arms of her mistress, is offering them to the scribe, hoping to propitiate him, and in some way obtain a draught of water. The *London Art Journal*, for January, 1874, says of this picture: "This fine achievement by Portaels has been sold to the Corcoran Gallery of Art, at Washington, at a large price; but its value can scarcely be estimated in money, and it is to the credit and honor of the American institution to have acquired it. It obtained the gold medal at the Crystal Palace Exhibition. The accomplished painter holds foremost rank among the great artists of Europe; his genius has been displayed in many works, and it is indeed a special favorite in England. The picture is of great size, fitted only for a large hall, and worthy of a national gallery. Except for its dimensions, it would certainly have found an appreciative space in this country."

Another picture over which the student of art lingers is the "Adoration of the Shepherds," by Rafael Mengs, the great religious painter of the eighteenth century.* There is a gentle, motherly expression of tenderness upon the face of the Virgin, more attractive than the mere artistic beauty of many Madonnas; and she seems rather herself to adore the Infant Christ than to wonder at the worship of the awe-struck shepherds.

"Moonrise in Madeira," by Hildebrandt, represents in effective contrast the dark green of the water upon which shines the full moon, throwing a stream of golden light in which the quiver and swell of the waves is almost visible.

* A Saxon by birth, he was employed by the Pope and the King of Spain, and the face that prevails in many of his pictures is that of his peasant wife.

"Cromwell and Milton," by Leutze, and "The Amazon and her Children," by the same, are both worthy of the artist.

Ary Scheffer has a touching picture of Count Eberhard, of Wittenburg, weeping over the dead body of his son. He having previously lost a battle in which he was badly wounded, after his recovery sought his father's presence while at his meal. The old count drew a knife and cut the table-cloth between them. Stung by this insult, the son left the castle, flung himself in the next fight, gained the battle, but lost his life. And while the victory was being celebrated, the old count was alone in his tent weeping over his son's lifeless form, still clad in armor. The style and color of the painting seem coeval with the subject.

America is well represented by Church in a scene from the Andes, and by Kensett in a small picture of the White Mountains.

A small octagonal room contains five pieces of statuary. A head of Shakspeare, "Il Penseroso," "The Veiled Nun," and "Bacchante," each in niches; while in the centre stands the matchless work of art, by Powers, "The Greek Slave." This is the original statue, it having been first sold in England, where it was purchased by Mr. Corcoran for \$5,000. The first American copy was bought by A. T. Stewart. Various opinions have been expressed as to the model for this statue. It has been suggested that the beautiful form of his own daughter was transferred to marble; but Mr. Powers is reported to have said in connection with the work, that he found the best models among the working classes.

It is designed to buy only the best pictures. The fund for this purpose now yields an annual income of \$50,000. A portion of this will be spent yearly, and the rest be compounded till the interest shall reach \$100,000. Here is the nucleus of a magnificent collection, and with such ample means at their command, the trustees will be able at an early day to fully realize the wishes of the donor. It is expected, when the means shall warrant it, to establish, in connection with this gallery, a School of Design.

Wifeless and childless, Mr. Corcoran has taken delight in contributing the treasures of his own home to the public, and the wish of his life is now realized in seeing a gallery "Dedicated to Art."

—E. A. Wiswall.

ON BOARD THE "VOLANT."

On a lovely morning in the month of August, 1864, I found no less than three royal pages waiting to escort me into the presence of the late king, Somdech Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut, and so urgent were they that I should go with them at once—that very moment—that I hurried away, and was ushered in a few minutes into the presence chamber.

His Siamese Majesty, in perfect dishabille, was seated cross-legged on the richly carpeted floor, reading laboriously "Macaulay's History of England." But the moment I approached him, he pushed his book aside with a long-drawn sigh, partly of weariness and partly of relief, and turning to me, said:

"Wherefore shall you have objected to traveling on board the *Royal Sovereign*?"

"Your Majesty," said I, in the gentlest and most pacific tone possible, not wishing to take the journey, "it is very hard to remain on deck with none but gentlemen for companions."

"Then why do object to stay in the cabin with the royal ladies and children?" he demanded.

"That, I am sorry to say, would be still more impossible for me to do, your Majesty," said I, still deprecatingly.

"Indeed you are a difficult woman," said the king. "You won't go inside, and you don't like outside. What do you like?"

"If your Majesty commands me to accompany the royal family, it is my duty to obey, and I would rather remain on the deck of the *Royal Sovereign*."

"Mam!" said the king, in his blandest manner, and looking rather queerly at me through his bleared and watery eyes, "how often shall I have remarked to you that the superior intellect rises above petty annoyances and cares of this world. The superior man honors the woman who is uncomplaining and strong to endure; therefore shall I have honor to you. But I was reading some days ago, some excellent precepts for the preservation of good health. Let me now inform you of some of them: 'Never sit in the mid-day sun, unless under the shade of a tree, or by the side of some stream or river; and never eat rice which has turned sour.' I perceive that you have been ill lately."

said he, kindly. "I fear you will be more ill if you stay on deck."

"Oh, no; I thank your Majesty very much," I replied. "We'll do very well indeed on the deck."

At this, his Majesty turned on his heel, gave a loud cough, and with an expression of impenetrable mystification overspreading his face, he left me to my obstinacy.

Next morning we were all in readiness to start, our carpet-bags strapped, our basket of cold provisions packed. I went to my temple school, hoping to give a morning lesson before starting. I found not a single pupil, however, only my faithful friend Hidden Perfume, with a basket of fruit prepared for our journey.

After embracing me with a kind of reverential, and yet pathetic tenderness, she took my hand and led me away behind one of the pillars of the temple. There was evidently something on her mind. But, seeing from another part of the building that one of the slave women was watching us intently, she folded her arms meekly on her breast, withdrew a well-shaped foot from the sandal into which it was thrust, and with her big toe traced, in English letters, on the marble floor, "Come to my house;" then moved away as unconcerned as if she had not a thought or care for any one in the wide world.

When I entered the guest-chamber of her house, all so carefully and thoughtfully arranged—a pleasant room, too, with windows looking on the sunniest side of the palace, the tessellated floor swept so clean, and all kinds and varieties of flowers blooming in costly Chinese vases—on a low satin cushion, gayly dressed in orange and blue silk, reclined my friend. Her dark eyes sparkled with such real affection, that even now, as then, it was among the chief consolations of my life in Siam.

"On board the *Volant*," said she, in an anxious whisper—"on board the *Volant* you will be put. It is the prime minister's steamer, and I want you to promise me not to take any wine on board that boat."

"I do readily promise you, dear friend, wherever I may be put, to take no wine of any kind, for I do not need it here or elsewhere."

"I am so glad," said she; "I am so very glad."

"Now, I must go. Good-by, dear." And we parted.

Poor, kind friend. She did not move, but when I reached the end of the street I turned and smiled, and waved her another adieu, feeling that her loving dark eyes would follow my retreating figure until it was quite out of sight.

There was no time to be lost. On the threshold of my home were the same pages of the day before, with orders that we should set out at once on board the *Volant*. So my boy and maid and I hurried to the river, took a boat, and darted away for the *Volant*, which we reached just as she was puffing and blowing, preparatory to flying away.

The first person we encountered was the prime minister, who solemnly bade me "Good morning, sir," and pointed to the centre cabin as prepared for us.

Here was a real act of kind thoughtfulness on the part of his Majesty, and I was grateful. But, on lifting my eyes, I saw on the little mantel-piece of our cabin, or state-room, a revolving decanter filled with different kinds of wines.

Hidden Perfume's words flashed upon my memory with a new significance. However, as all Asiatics are of opinion that a white man or woman can not exist without swallowing certain portions of fiery liquids every day, it did not so much disturb, as amuse me, to see what ample provision had been made for my special indulgence in this one respect.

About five o'clock that evening we began to leave the temples, palaces, and floating houses of the city of Bangkok behind us; even the straggling villages became few and sparse, and at length we emerged on the wide, majestic plain, covered with the waters of the Menam, now at flood-tide, overflowing the endless plantations of rice, corn, and sugar-cane, on every side.

At certain hours of the day and night, there was no lack of cheerfulness on board the *Volant*. This was when the prime minister and the great noble, whose name we will change to Krom ah Mown, slept. Then the "mice began to play," the ladies of their respective suites came to visit me in my state-room, and there was much giggling and no end of questions, which, every now and again, brought out a little pathetic bit of tender family history.

Here I was lodged between two revolving suns: the astute, wily, and all-powerful prime minister of

Siam on the right, and the heavy, sensual, and demoralized noble, Krom ah Mown, on the left.

Seven in the evening, with the western horizon all golden from the sunken sun; the wide-spreading river specked with innumerable stately gondolas and dragon-shaped boats, that followed in our wake; the full moon sailing high overhead; the deep islands of mango, palm, and orange groves, seemingly floating below and around us, made us almost feel as if we were sailing through some enchanted fairy land. With what a silver web of shimmering, gauze-like mist did the growing moonlight clothe every thing on land, on tree, and on water and sky! The beauty of the night on that watery plain startled our waking senses, and came to us like some living creature wrapped in a heavenly garb of illusion. We left the moon to ride on in high places and glorify the earth, and retired about ten o'clock to our cabin, the door of which would not shut, in spite of all our efforts; so we left it slightly ajar, and slept soundly.

On the following morning we woke upon a wilder and more endless expanse of water, with no more orchards and gardens, but many more old, dreary, moss-hung ruins of temples and pagodas, of a peculiar historic interest, if one could only find the missing link whereby to unravel the past.

The sun was already burning overhead when we prepared to breakfast, and by chance my eyes fell on the decanter, when lo! and behold, the decanter was empty; not a drop remained even to give one a suspicion that they had ever been anything but empty. I looked at my maid; she was perfectly sober. I scanned my boy; he gave no sign of unusual dissipation. I even questioned myself, and fell to wondering how it could have happened; for at the hour of our retiring, they were full to repletion, but now they stood empty as extinct craters of a hundred years ago. About ten o'clock we were at anchor opposite the ancient and once renowned city of Sarwang ka Loke, or the city of the "Heavenly Folk."

It must have been a wonderful city in its day. Go where you will, and you will find sculptured rock and marble and fragments of huge bricks scattered thick among the dust and tangled brushwood, protruding from the ground or lying prone upon it; beautiful fragments of columns, and polished tablets of precious marbles, all carved in the ancient Maghadtee inscriptions.

In a long corridor, terminating with two octagonal towers, are collected all the images of the Buddha, and that of Ananda, his favorite disciple and "friend of women." Here we wandered, the royal children, my boy, and I, amid a very wilderness of mutilated sculptures, and at last we found a quiet, sheltered spot, in the nave of an old Buddhist church, where we took out our reading-books and gave ourselves up to the study of English, which must have sounded oddly enough amid the vast arches and deserted places of Sarwang ka Loke.

Just before sunset my pupils and I parted, and a royal dragon-shaped barge carried us back to the *Volant*, for no one dared to sleep amid the haunted ruins of the old city of the "Heavenly Folk."

On entering my state-room once more, there were the mysterious bottles, filled to the brim with four different kinds of wines. I failed to discover what magician had filled them during my absence. My maid declared that she had kept trembling watch in the state-room all day—that not a soul had entered therein. So she at once, and very naturally, attributed it to a supernatural agency; indeed, she even bowed down and did homage to the mysterious "Amreta."

"Ayah," said I, in a solemn whisper, "I'm going to—to watch, who drinks the wine to-night, and whether he be an angel or devil, I mean to unravel the mystery. Do you make me a strong cup of coffee before I retire this evening."

My poor maid looked at me aghast, and with a terrible meaning in her eyes. It was simple madness to watch or try to find out the strange doings of such visitants, unless you courted instant annihilation.

It had been a fatiguing day, and we retired rather earlier than on the previous night, in spite of the wonderful ruins nestling among the ancient groves, the waters surrounding them, and the moon gilding all with the unique and marvelous touch of her artistic silver-tipped pencil. My boy and Ayah were soon asleep; but I sat half-reclining on my low berth, watching intently the door that could not be made to shut.

About one o'clock, that dread hour of the night

when spirit and matter come into strongest conflict, the wakeful effect of the strong cup of coffee began to subside, my fixed determination of discovering the wine-bibber became more and more confused and dreamy. I began to lose my own individuality, and to respire more slowly under the sweet, soothing influence peculiar to the sleep one enjoys in a tropical clime, when suddenly the door of my state-room began to move. Softly, slowly, inch by inch it opened wider and wider, until a Siamese head, with its jet-black tuft of hair, protruded itself forward; then came the huge ears, then the neck, shoulders, arms, and body, on all-fours; stealthily, noiselessly, like a cat about to spring upon its prey, it advanced, moving toward the filled decanter. In the clear moonlight that streamed in through the half-open door, I recognized one of the young pages of the great noble on our left. In his hand he held a large golden teapot, which he evidently meant to fill with the contents of the four bottles. What a mixture! Just as he stretched out his hand to seize the decanter, I sprang up and said, "What are you doing in here?"

No phantom could have vanished more swiftly, more imperceptibly! A moment before there was in that spot the crouching figure of a young lad; now only the clear moonlight rested there.

At the earliest tinge of dawn I got up, dressed and walked forth on the deck, partly indignant and partly amused at the incident of the night before. But presently there appeared the great fat Krom ah Mown, who approached me, and absolutely folded his hands and went down on his knees to promise me that if I would not report the matter to either the prime minister or the king, I should never be molested again.

On that same morning I took occasion, while thanking the king for the kind arrangements he had ordered to be made for our journey, to assure him that I never took wine of any kind.

He stared at me in utter amazement. "Why!" said he, at length, "this statement of yours is very contradictory, for I shall have been informed that you have said you can not accompany the royal pupils unless you have plenty of wine and brandy to drink on the journey."

"I never said anything of the kind, your Majesty," said I, in the calmest manner.

Then the old king grinned and became pleasantly facetious, and, rubbing his hands to and fro upon his knees, repeated softly to himself the old Siamese adage: "Mam kè nam, te va Krom ha Mown ke kam." ("It was in Mam's name, but it was the Krom ah Mown's gain.")

I now fully understood the reason why my friend warned me to take no wine on board the *Volant*.

It is but just to say that for the three weeks after that we remained on board the *Volant*, the bottles of wine stood untouched and unnoticed on the mantel-piece. But we were glad when we bade adieu to our temporary home, as well as to the ruined old city of the "Heavenly Folk."

—A. H. LEONOVENS.

MOONLIGHT EFFECTS.

It requires positive genius in an artist to effectively reproduce on canvas a moonlight scene. Such effects have to be painted almost entirely from memory, because for obvious reasons they can not be studied on the spot, like a day scene. Because of this difficulty in reproducing them it is that we find so few moonlight effects in pictures entirely satisfactory, that do not bear evidences 'of the shop,' and appear nothing more than what they are—painting. Atmospheric effect of a moonlight night is most difficult to obtain in a picture; and, consequently, only those possessing the heaven-given gift of genius, innate power, the intuitive knowledge resulting from sympathy as much as perception of nature, can reproduce the scene on canvas with any illusion approaching reality. Moonlight effects are generally more successfully produced in engravings, since they are chiefly those of light and shade. The light of the moon is uncertain, apparently silvery, yet the tint varies in degrees of steel-blue, blue and hazy in the distance, when distance does not lend enchantment to the view. Sunlight is strong, golden, invigorating; the moon's light is soft, silvery, soothing: the one appropriately exemplifying the time of life and activity; the other that of quiet and repose. No wonder that such a beautiful scene as a moonlight has inspired some of the finest poetry in the language! What more lovely sight is afforded by nature than the clear, full moon suffusing an expanse of landscape with its mellow,

silvery light? Or, a tranquil sea on a summer's night, with the moon glinting the waters. Regal is a snow scene under moonlight; every particle of snow caught by the light is a minute crystal. The sun produces all the colors of the rainbow; while the moon merely affords one grade of color, ranging from pearly white to a grayer dark. In concealing hard outlines and developing delicate forms, the effects of the Queen of Night are much more artistic than those of the God of Day. In the strong light of the sun, form and color both come out. Sunlight reveals, intensifies; moonlight sheds the spirit of mystery—of poesy—o'er the scene. How much more effective is an old ruin in the moonlight than in the sunlight! There is perfect harmony of tone in the effect. What curious effects of light and shade the moonlight streaming

down into a forest produces, while the sun piercing the remotest recesses merely reveals! The effect of shading is entirely different from that produced by the sun, because of the difference in the power of effulgence or illumination. The moon leaves corners and crevices in the uncertainty of mystery; and lights one side of a leaf without rendering it transparent as the stronger light of the sun does. I think that moonlight landscapes are the finest on frosty nights when the atmosphere is clear and crispy. The light is then clearer and stronger than on soft, balmy summer evenings, when much of the color of the season is lost, to the detriment of the picture; only the positive hues, the yellow leaf, the red barn, the yellowish cornstalks, the white house, and such, coming out; the softer and delicate tints, all clearly developed by sunlight, being unperceived. A beautiful effect is a moonlight in an umbrageous arbor. It becomes a network of light and shadow. A weird scene is a moonlight effect in the gaunt, leafless forest of winter, especially in a ravine, with one side in comparative darkness. The clear effect of day prevents any delicate work of light and shadow by the sun—the shadow is but a shade. The moon glints the water with a dash of its silvery sheen, while the sun produces an expanse of golden glitter,—a "glittering generality." The effect of the moonlight on the cloud-forms that move about the heaven is often very fine, filling the expanse with clear, silvery radiance, like water in the distance, and making the fleecy masses look like drifting icebergs or snow-covered mountains. Some beautiful effects are produced by the moon when passing through the clouds. The charms of the rising and sinking of the moon are entirely different from those of the sun; the one illuminating, appearing like a vast conflagration, and retiring in a grandeur all his own; the other enshrouding, as it were, all in its silvery light, mystifying while it reveals, like a covering of some light fabric over a statue, showing the form yet not the development. Many moonrise scenes are strikingly picturesque, as when fogs and smoke obscure the horizon.

A word about the man in the moon. Scientists are

of the opinion that the discolorations on the full moon are indications of the topography of a planet or inhabited world like our own; and telescopic revelations suggest them to be mountain ridges and streams. Since time immemorial—Dryden and Shakspeare both make mention of it—the face of a man has been formed on the moon by these spots; two forming the eyes, one the nose, and another the mouth. An old writer declares that the dogs discover this face in the moon, and assigns this as the reason why they bark at it. In some latitudes these spots produce the effect of a man putting brush on a fire, especially in southern latitudes in autumn. I have never been able to so interpret the discolorations without a desperate effort of the imagination,—but the face is commonly recognized.—*Chandos Fulton.*

his horrid front in the valley. Climbing to the top of the Blue Ridge Mountains at this point, the Shenandoah may be seen ranging the foot of the mountains for a hundred miles, seeking a passage to the sea. There is enough natural beauty in this section of country to engage an artist for a life-time. The great piles of rock which meet the eye where the two rivers unite, gives the near scene a wild and terrible aspect, while the distant view is placid and delightful. "The scene," to quote Jefferson, "is worth a voyage across the Atlantic."

A TURKISH COURT-YARD SCENE.

GYPSIES are known the world over as a wandering, restless people, who manage to pick up a precarious livelihood by means which are considered neither dignified nor honorable by the rest of civilized mankind. If there is any portion of the world where these people appear to have settled, with the intention of remaining, it is in Upper Albania and Bulgaria, where they circle the towns with their dens of squalid misery and depravity. One of these towns, where the Turkish court-yard scene we have represented is no uncommon sight, is Pristina, in Upper Albania, having a population of from ten to twelve thousand souls, composed of Albanians, Servians, and gypsies. The Albanians are half-civilized savages, doing but little fighting, however, since they are lazy, good eaters, and generally employed as shopkeepers or agriculturists. The Servians are a laborious and quiet people, exceedingly humble in the presence of their Turkish masters. The gypsies engage in any thing which will fetch a few *paras*, such as blacksmithing and basket-making, dancing and begging, or even stealing. Dancing is the most noble calling which a gypsy girl can aim at; but for this purpose she must be pretty, otherwise it will scarcely pay her to be dancing from morning until night. The Mussulmans are a matter-of-fact people; they appreciate the graceful attitudes of a *ballerina*,



A TURKISH COURT-YARD SCENE.

SCENE ON THE SHENANDOAH.

MR. ARTHUR PARTON'S full-page view of a scene on the Shenandoah River was taken from a point about a quarter of a mile above Harper's Ferry, opposite the Heights of Loudon, which are a spur of the famous Blue Ridge Mountains. At Harper's Ferry the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers unite their waters, forcing that remarkable and stupendous passage through the Blue Mountains which has been described by Thomas Jefferson, and is familiar to the thousands of Americans who have visited this famous spot. During the civil war, the woods seen in the picture on the sides of the Blue Mountains were filled with Confederates, who succeeded in picking off many Federal soldiers on the opposite bank of the river. All this portion of the country was the scene of many severe conflicts. To-day it is as peaceful, romantic, and picturesque, as if War had never shown

or gypsy dancing-girl, only on condition that her form shall affect their nerves and senses. The old Turk of the picture is looking from a balcony into the court-yard of his house, interested in watching the graceful movements of the gypsy who is dancing for the amusement of the women of his harem, who are reclining in graceful positions upon the Turkish mats spread upon the floor.

The dancing gypsies of Spain have long been famous for their beauty and gracefulness, and no traveler feels that he has seen all the attractions of that country until he has witnessed a Spanish dance. Artists and poets have often employed their talents to immortalize these dark-eyed, raven-haired dancing beauties, one of George Eliot's finest works being a poem called "The Spanish Gypsy." Men of all nations have a kindred feeling with Turks, and love to look upon beauty of form combined with gracefulness of movement.



SCENE ON THE SHENANDOAH.—A. PARTON.

M 40 U

THE CATHEDRAL-TOWER OF RHEIMS.

HIGH above the market-place,
Lifts itself, with rarest grace,
The cathedral-tower of Rheims;
Glorious beauty from it streams!
Who could plan that fairest tower?
Who could dream it, in high hour,
Toiled there, men with ponderous hammer;
Swung there, davits with huge clamor,
Lifting blocks to level line;
Wrought there, hands with chisel fine?
Human labor seems as naught;
Sure it sprang as poet's thought
From some inspiration caught,
Vivid with seraphic gleams,
This cathedral-tower of Rheims!
So divine its stately beauty,
So complete its carvings fruity,
Fairer than a mortal's dreams,
Saints or angels' work it seems.
Standing like an exhalation,
Without help of mortal brain;
Standing like an exaltation,
Without toil or care or pain.

Carvings all from dome to base,
Traceries fine its tall spires lace;
In the west the window seen,
Which lights up an air-spun screen,
Is of gayest tints that shine,
And its figures sweet, design
White saints each in coronet,
In that rainbow window set.
Over the tall, arching door,
One great angel looks you o'er;
All our piteous mortal plaint
Dies before that mighty saint;
In his majesty we see
Triumph, glory, victory.
Underneath it, climbing high,
Ivy hastes to seek the sky.
Some wise graver wrought the stone
As if twig and leaf had grown,
Clasping groin in loving growth,
With the hard stone keeping troth.

As the moonlight bathes tall shafts,
Or some fretted pinnacle,
Shadowy vision down it wafts,
Even to hearts cynical.
They remember the old story
Of the heavenly sculptor's glory.
They remember it was said,
In the midnight dark and dead,
Mary, Virgin Mother, wrought
On its carving, and she brought
Noiseless graver, chisel soft,
And fulfilled the organ-loft.
See her floating in the sky
White hands moving dextrously.
While upon the spire she floats,
Down flow angels' sweetest notes;
Then she silent soars above,
Leaving traceries wrought with love.

Jean d'Arc's memory ever blooms,
Shining through cathedral glooms.
Gliding through the long dim aisles,
See the ghostly maiden smiles!
Here now sound the swelling voices;
Coronation pomp rejoices,
While the holy maiden sees,
Giving thanks upon his knees,
In the chancel bowing down,
Thankless Charles receive his crown.

Fairest lily of the dead,
Thou for France who toiled and bled,
Virgin soft and virgin brave,
This cathedral tower and nave,
Spire and pinnacle, consent
To be thy fairest monument;
And the Virgin Mary wrought,
For the virgin Joan's thought.
One bequeathed her heavenly art,
One bequeathed her human heart,
And the fairest church around
With these fairest memories crowned,
Shall be named for all the years,
Half with pride and half with tears.

—Emily E. Ford.

BOULOGNE FISHING-BOATS AND FISH-WIVES.

If there is any thing that I have closely studied, in several sojourns about the French coast, it is the fishing-interest. On the first occasion of a visit to France, landing at Dieppe, one journey that I made was to the fish-market, with the result of a disgust at the yellow, toad-fishy and generally reptilian look of the finny specimens on exhibition. Among the other objects of interest to be found there were the fishing-boats of that port, which combined more positive ugliness within the same space, than could probably be found in any other work of human hands, the

earth over. Since that time I have learned that the fish of the French coasts, even with the outer appearance already indicated, are delicate and appetizing; and that the especial style of French fishing-boat combines with its ugliness great fitness for its occupation. At Boulogne, last summer, I enjoyed excellent opportunities for studying the fishing-marine of that port.

Whatever may be the especial name of the French fishing-boat, hailing from Boulogne and elsewhere, it is necessarily a "batteau." It is probably called a "batteau à pêche," by its owners and the people along the coast, as that would be the native idiomatic phrase for a "boat to fish," or "boat for fishing." On the other, or English side of the channel, it is called a "hoy;" and on that side, it is smaller and less clumsy, but otherwise partakes very much of the same general character. The number, on both sides of the channel, is legion, with the French side holding the advantage. But, speaking of names for the boats, there is really no occasion for any generic appellation; for there never was a class of vessel, since Noah built the ark, so carefully and so peculiarly named in each individual instance, though the general effect may, after all, be more or less confusing. It is probably safe to say that nineteen-twentieths of the fishing-boats of Boulogne bear the name either of the Holy Mother, in one or another of her many appellations in Catholic countries, or of some one of the female saints in the calendar. Notably, scarcely one, if one at all, is named for a male, even of the saintly character; and notably, again, even the extensive calendar not supplying names enough for such a fleet (I have No. 688 lying before me in a photograph, while writing, and distinctly remember No. 1260), the necessity arises of using the name of the same saint over again, with some trifling alteration. If one fails to bear any of the holy names, be sure that the male sex meets the same neglect, wife, sweetheart, daughter or sister taking the place; so that to call one of the Boulogne fishing-boats "she," is much less speaking at hap-hazard than so designating the monitor "Miantonomah," or the sloop-of-war "John Adams."

But all this conveys no impression of the appearance of the boats; they are built very much upon the model of the old Dutch galliot, which was said to be "constructed in the shape of a long trough, by the mile, and sawn off to suit purchasers;" in other words, nearly as broad as long, simply elongated tubs, tumbling in from the water-line after the manner of a butter-firkin, coal-tarred until they are of a shining dirty black, only relieved by the dirty white number on the bluff of each bow, and the name similarly in dirty white on the stern. Most of them have a single mast, broader at the top than the deck, and black as the hull,—and a "jigger," or small supplementary mast at the extreme stern, whereon is hoisted a sail with fixed boom extending entirely beyond the boat, and a trifle larger than an ordinary table-cloth. A certain proportion have two masts, and the "jigger"; and whatever the number of spars, each exhibits a blending of lateen and sprit tan-colored sails, additionally darkened by dirt, and relieved by the number in black. So built, and so accoutered, they form, as they roll and plunge, in unnumbered hundreds, in and out of the harbor, whenever the tide will allow of entrance or egress, a feature of attractive abomination, compounded of the hearse, the Venetian gondola, and the oil-boat, with a dash of the mud-scow—not easily forgotten when once fairly taken in by the eye. The picture would be incomplete, if I did not remark that most of them, when going out for the deep-sea fishing, carry great heaps of shiny black nets, scores of shiny black kegs (used as floats for the nets), and a complete lumbering of the deck with every thing capable of being fallen over, all coal-tarred to the same dirty-shiny blackness—the whole, with the dark faces and coal-tarred clothing of the fishermen, suggestive of belonging to some port-of-hail on the Styx, with multitudes of grim Charons on board, and always sailing away to Hades.

There is not much to describe about the men, except to say that they are almost all short of stature, to an American eye, and few of them even stout, as short men in England. They look tough and wiry, however, with skins tanned to mulatto darkness by the perpetual glare of the sun from the sea; smoke the blackest and shortest of short black pipes, with villainous tobacco; swear roundly but curtly at the least provocation; gabble like blackbirds when they are in company with each other and in good humor; are fanatically religious without knowing what the

word means, and superstitious beyond all others of the sons of men; but honest enough fellows, undeniably brave, and in their lazy way industrious. Very dirty dark blouses, or still dirtier dark short jackets, and tarry trousers, with wooden or other coarse shoes, red or striped woolen Phrygian caps or narrow-brimmed greasy tarpaulins—these make up their sartorial adornments; and it is truth to say, that any thing better would be wasted on their unloveliness. As to the boats, of which they appear to form a part—they and the men seem to be equally staunch and sea-worthy. I have seen the one launch and the other live and make very fair weather, in a gale and a sea capable of making American fishermen stay vigorously ashore; and when the tides are low, and the harbor consequently bare, the grounded and heeled over old black tubs look terribly like bloated beetles crawled over by smaller insects in the shape of the fishermen. More important than either the fishing-boats or the fishermen of Boulogne, are the fish-wives. All the world of fish-women will always be more or less "fish-wives" to the body of English readers and speakers, for the sake of the expressive old Scottish designation, so well known along all that coast from Leith to Aberdeen, and made not a little romantic beyond their deserving by the fine old song of "Caller Herrin'," and by Charles Reade's novel of "Christie Johnstone." But for one fact, I should doubt whether there was any romance whatever about the Boulogne fish-wives, who may be counted, like the boats, by the thousand. From this one fact, which induces me to deal especially with them, they would seem to be all wives, daughters, sisters, or sweethearts of fishermen; and perhaps the "running in the family" of even a fishing profession is natural enough. A few of them are young, and many not beyond middle-age; though scarcely one could be called "good-looking," and a handsome one is a sheer impossibility. Most of them range from middle-aged to old, so far as the somewhat leathery skin of the French coast can be deciphered. They carry wicker baskets, suspended on the middle of the back by a rope passing around the breast; and they sell fish, crabs, prawns, shell-fish, and probably any thing else that originates in the sea and will consent to come out of it. When about the streets, vending, they are very comfortably clothed in short gowns, often of chintz, white caps with flaring borders (like some of the Irish), and sandals with soles woven of rope-yarn. But when *en grande tenue*, as no resident of Boulogne who ever goes out on the long jetties shutting in the harbor, can fail to see them quite as often as he wishes—then they are among the most comfortably clothed and comfortable-looking people that one can meet in a long journey, besides being among the most self-satisfied. Dark cloth or stuff short gowns and waists, dark wool stockings, neat leathern shoes, white sleeves, and large white caps with frilled borders that can be at will thrown forward over the brow or back from the face: in these particulars, they are certainly no representatives of any down-trodden or impoverished class. They might even be accounted necessarily wealthy, if one did not know that most or all the massive earrings were gilt; and very self-assertant they certainly are, whether wealthy or the reverse—as any one will discover who makes dependence upon their understanding any rule of courtesy or any canon demanding getting out of the way. I have never seen any female starers, and few male, equal to them. I saw five of them, in a single instance, pass one after another leisurely within two feet, in front of the glass with which a gentleman was trying to make out a distant steamer—laughing rudely at what they considered the humor of the trick; and I saw two of them, substantial and broad of beam, like their boats, sit down upon and partially demolish a young English lady who chanced not to have left sufficient space between herself and another, for their berth-displacement. Reasoning from analogy, I fancy that they may be quite the "peeresses" of their cousins of Billingsgate, in the use of the strong vernacular, on occasion; though they may possibly give some peculiar French terms to the vituperation, making it less offensive to ears polite. A Boulogne boat, going out for the deep-sea fishing, carries an average crew of fifteen to twenty, all apparent on the decks as she rolls and tumbles out of the harbor. No matter at what time of day this event may occur, about the same number of the fish-wives rush down, with their long lope, to the very end of the jetty—nearly half a mile in all—apparently to "see them off," calling out and being called to, looking after them until they are over the



SUCH A SHOT!—JOHN S. DAVIS.

bar, off, and out of hearing; and then going back at once, to be succeeded by another bevy, "seeing off" another boat. Not one special day, this—but every day. Almost always they have their baskets on their backs, and very often their babies in their arms; and they are always in full dress for these occasions. As probably an average of twenty or thirty boats go off, of a pleasant afternoon, and as fifteen to twenty women rush down to the end of the jetty at the departure of each—at least two-thirds of them with bushel-baskets on back, not to mention other incumbrances,—it will be understood that they supply quite an element in the picturesque, besides being so much in the way that they half-monopolize the favorite promenade of the town, while their chatter is incessant, and often loud enough to indicate the habitual crying of their wares.

And yet, somehow or other, the custom touches me,

while I do not pretend to understand what it all means. Is it merely the "last good-by" with which so many of us are familiar, in the sailing away of friends on longer voyages, in our widely different civilization? Or is there a special superstition in it, pronounced as that which puts the name of Mary Mother, or some one of the saints, as patroness and protector, on the stern of the hoy? And is there a custom of uttering a certain prayer at that particular moment, as a charm for those who peril their lives in storm and darkness to win them daily bread? It seems to prove that fish-wives are human, in either case; and it certainly proves that they are not among the most steadily worked of all woman-kind, unless this should be (and who can say that it is not?) a part of the daily labor, as conscientiously to be performed as the scrubbing of a floor or the cooking of a breakfast.

—Henry Morford.

OUTCAST.

ALAS for her who stands alone
Beside the sepulchre of hope,
With none to roll away the stone,
And bid the flowers that crowned the slope
Of youth, return to fill the gloom
With fresher life and sweeter bloom!
Better for her the friendly tomb,
Without a sign to mark the spot
Except the blue "forget-me-not"
Which sits upon the lap of spring
Before the blue-birds come to sing,
Or robins pipe their flute-like tunes,—
Before the frosty chains are riven
That fetter fountain, lake and river,
And, through the snows that chill the sod,
Looks up to greet the Eye of God,
A promise of celestial Junes,
When, in the deathless light of heaven,
Our dead shall live and bloom forever. —J. G. Clark.

MUSIC.

THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE PIANO.

WHAT an age this should be for musical geniuses, since modern improvement has given us instruments as full of inspiration as those of old were contracted and replete with discouragements. What might not Palestrina have accomplished with a modern "grand," or Bach himself have left of greater works to astound the world, had he owned a piano of one of the many noted makers of the present day.

It is not difficult to trace the origin and progress of the piano. The wonder is that when musical artisans came so near the correct idea, they should have been so long in putting it into shape. The harp is almost coincident with history, for we hear of it in Greece, Rome and Egypt, and in various forms and with a varied number of strings. From the harp came a variety of instruments of similar pattern, struck with a quill, or with small hammers held in the hands. There is an instrument in common use in Egypt called "känöon," supposed to have been borrowed from the Greeks, and resembling the dulcimer. This last, however, is doubtless the original ancestor of the piano. Imagine a triangular chest, with about fifty wires, varying in length from eighteen to twenty-six inches, and strung over a bridge at either end of the chest, and you have the dulcimer. Strike these wires with little iron rods or wooden hammers, and you have the piano in its simplest form. The translators of the Bible gave this name to an instrument described in the Old Testament—a lively bit of guess-work which can do no harm and affect no one's orthodoxy. Modern discoverers claim that the Hebrew instrument was very like a trombone, and there is no objection to that theory being likewise accepted. It is better than the other, at all events, for the trombone was certainly founded by the Italians upon the one discovered in the ashes of Pompeii after a sleep of two thousand years. The psaltery, or tympanum, was similar to the dulcimer, the metal strings being plucked with a quill. The "citole," or little chest, was another box of the same family, the strings of which were played with the fingers. These all embraced the fundamental principle of metal strings of unequal lengths, stretched over a hollow box or sounding-board.

Very rude were these attempts, and yet they were full of sounds melodious under the hands of a skillful performer. In these we have all the elements of the piano except the key-board. The first effort to overcome this defect resulted in the clavictherium, which, in adopting the key-board, went also a step backward and resumed cat-gut strings and quills for strikers. It must have been necessary in those days for a student to acquire first the art of tuning the instrument, and happy must he have been to keep it in tune through a single lengthy selection. It does not seem to have met with extended favor, but was soon superseded by the clavichord, clavecin, clavier, or clarichord, four names for practically the same instrument, and the clavicymbal, which is the clavichord in another shape. This brings us down to A. D. 1500. With the clavichord came the restoration of metal strings and the invention of the damper, an important improvement, for in all previous instruments sounds harmonious were made incongruous for lack of something to stop the vibration at the proper moment. It had a compass usually of five octaves only, though some were made with five and a half and six octaves. The strings of the clarichord were covered with cloth, which increased its sweetness while lessening its power. For this reason it was a favorite with the nuns, who used it in their devotions.

The virginal was an improvement upon the clarichord. It flourished best in the days of England's "virgin" Queen Elizabeth, from whom it is claimed it obtained its name. But again the stubborn figures of history step in and rob the brilliant ruler of the honor; for their appearance antedates her birth many years. It is not unlikely that the name was derived from its frequent use as an accompaniment in singing hymns to the Virgin. We prefer this, at all events, for Elizabeth, though a skillful performer on the instrument, was scarcely entitled to the honor claimed for her. The metal strings of the virginal were acted upon by quills or other like means at the end of the key.

Following the virginal, about the year 1700, came the spinet, which soon drove the former out of fashion. It received its name from *spina* (thorns), which its quills were thought to resemble. The spinet was in fact a square harpsichord, with, however, but a single bank of keys. A grand harpsichord was the same shape as a grand piano. We remember to have seen one in an ancient family homestead in Virginia. Dumb and silent it was from extreme old age, but its two key-boards and beautiful inlaid work on its antique case were tokens of its ancient greatness. Each note had four strings, three in unison and one an octave higher, and all controlled by stops by which a part or the whole could be used. The strings were plucked in the same way as the spinet, and the expression depended, not upon the taste and skill of the performer, but upon the number of strings brought into use by the stops.

All this time musicians and mechanics had neglected to take a hint from the hammer of the dulcimer. They had striven only to imitate the action of the fingers directly upon the strings, and with but meagre success. And now we come to the hammer period, and the transformation of the harpsichord into the piano-forte.

The honor of making the first piano is claimed by several countries. Marius, a Frenchman, Viator and Schröder, Germans, Christoforo, a Florentine, and Christofoli of Padua, are all put forward as the inventors; but whatever they did, they made little impression on the musical world, and it was not until about the middle of the eighteenth century that Ztumpf, in London, commenced their successful manufacture and sale. The principle once discovered and understood, ingenious hands were soon busy perfecting the mechanism. Herr Silbermann, in Germany, after years of earnest study, produced pianos which soon superseded

the harpsichord. Compared with the pianos of a little later day, they were poor and weak, and yet through the public performances of Clementi especially, and also of Mozart, they attained wide dissemination and extended popularity.

In 1752 was born at Strasburg Sebastian Erard, a mechanic by instinct, and a genius, with the rarely co-ordinate quality of industry. At eight years of age, when most boys are lumbering heavily through reading, writing and arithmetic, he was studying architecture, geometry, linear drawing and kindred subjects. At sixteen he was apprenticed to a harpsichord maker, and soon after rose to foreman. He was so inquisitive after knowledge that his employer dismissed him as a nuisance. Another sought him, and he constructed a harpsichord so much better than any his master had made, that the fame of Erard soon spread. Employed in the hotel of the Duchess de Villeroy, he there, at her request, constructed his first piano. It was the commencement of his lasting fame and fortune. Then his brother, Jean Baptiste Erard, joined him, and orders poured in upon them with such rapidity that they were compelled to move into more spacious quarters. The Revolution induced him to go to England, where he continued the manufacture, making also various inventions in connection with the harp especially, and great improvements in his favorite instrument, the piano. A Frenchman never forgets France, so 1796 found him back in Paris, manufacturing for the first time grand pianos of the shape now adopted. These were heavy of touch and slow of speech; and it was not until 1823 that he produced instruments in which these defects were fully overcome. He died in 1831. The fame of the Erard pianos is world wide, and the manufactory still maintains a leading position in Europe, with Broadwood, Collard, and Pleyel.

Since the earliest manufacture of pianos in this country, Yankee ingenuity has been incessantly applied to its improvement. The Patent Office at Washington swarms with inventions, good, bad and indifferent, and from all these efforts much that is admirable



JOHN LESTER WALLACK.

and valuable has been secured. America is never second best in the mechanic arts. Give the average Yankee baby a stick of spring poplar and a jack-knife, and he'll whittle a bird-call before he is out of his pinafores. American ingenuity has outstripped European conservatism, and to-day our pianos are the best in the world, and so pronounced by judges not allied to us either by nationality or language. Several hundred firms are engaged in their manufacture. We could fill a page with the enumeration of their names. The most prominent that we recall are Chickering, Decker, Knabe, Steinway, Steck, Stodart, and Weber. (We avoid any show of partiality by giving them alphabetically.) Each maker has his peculiar improvements, and the competition is lively and beneficial. We have by no means reached perfection. The singing quality of the piano is still the subject of earnest study and certain development. The future historian of the piano will refer doubtless in words of commendation to the passably good instruments of the present day, while he extols the merits of the grand pianos of his time, which shall combine the exquisite expression attained by percussion with the continuity of sound as produced by the organ.

As pianos improve, we hear less and less about the superiority of the violin. The piano is a whole orchestra in itself, and is the people's instrument. It has grown to be an almost indispensable article of furniture in every household where there are pretensions to culture and refinement. We have seen them even in log-cabins in the South and in the hastily constructed new cities (on paper) of the far West. Pianos are now an accompaniment to civilization, and their cheering notes may be heard almost on the verge of our frontier settlements. Who will deny that we are a musical nation? We are fast becoming thoroughly imbued with the genius and spirit of music. Increased population, the rapid settlement of the country, and the enhanced wealth which gives opportunity for the cultivation of what twenty-five years ago were regarded as superfluous if not wasteful accomplishments, are elevating the taste of the people, raising the standard of art, and rearing in this nation musicians who will in a brief period make it the musical rival of Germany and Italy.

DRAMA.

JOHN LESTER WALLACK.

THE distinguished actor whose portrait embellishes this page is now the sole representative upon the American stage of the great name he bears. Like the Keans, Kembles, Mathews, Booths, Jeffersons and Davenports, Mr. Lester Wallack comes of a family long noted for its dramatic talent. He is a son of the celebrated "Elder Wallack," James William, who was born in Lambeth, a suburb of London, in 1793, and who died in this city on Christmas-day, Sunday, 1864, in his seventy-first year, the day of his death being the anniversary of his wife's, who died just eleven years before, on Christmas-day, which also fell on Sunday. Educated as a midshipman in the royal navy, the father of Mr. Lester Wallack abandoned that profession at an early age for the stage, his father and mother before him being eminent actors in London. He came to this country in 1818, two years after which John Lester was born. Lester, in early life, with his two brothers, entered the English army, the Duke of Beaufort, a good friend of the family, having obtained commissions for each. The elder brother, Captain Harry Wallack, was Lieutenant-Governor of Millbank Prison, and is now a member of the Queen's Body-Guard. The younger brother belonged to the First Madras Fusiliers, and died in this country. Henry Wallack, an uncle of Lester Wallack, was famous as an actor, and so was the late James W. Wallack, Jr., a cousin, who died in May, 1873. Miss Fanny and Miss Julia Wallack, also cousins, were good actresses. Mr. Lester Wallack's grandfather on his mother's side, was the celebrated "Irish" Jack Johnstone, a boon companion of George IV. and Sheridan at Carlton House, and the predecessor of such actors as Boucicault and Tyrone Power.

Mr. John Lester Wallack first appeared on the stage with his father, as an amateur actor, under an assumed name. The result of this trial was, that he left the English army, and studied the theatrical profession, being then some twenty-two or three years of age. Lester made his *début* at the Old Broadway in 1847, was at the Bowery in 1849, and at Burton's in 1850, '51 and '52. In 1849 and '50, Mr. Lester Wallack played with great success in the "Count of Monte Christo," for one hundred nights, saving the Old Broadway from bankruptcy. He became stage manager and leading actor for his father, at the old Wallack's Theatre, assuming, on his father's death, the proprietorship of the new establishment built in 1861, the responsibility of which has rested upon him ever since. One of the important dramatic events of the stage of New York was the opening in 1852 of Wallack's (formerly Brougham's) Lyceum, on the corner of Broadway and Broome street, by James W. Wallack, Sr., Mr. John Lester Wallack being the stage-manager, and his brother, Charles, the treasurer. At this theatre there was hardly a play in the whole range of drama, tragedy and comedy, which the strong company could not present in the highest style of the art. The policy of giving the best new and old sterling pieces which could be got, with the best actors to be found, was pursued at this house, and has been maintained ever since by Mr. Lester Wallack. As a successful manager, for many years he has upheld the legitimate drama in all its purity, and with his father has brought to the front many of our finest actors, such as Mr. Sothorn, Charles Fisher, John Gilbert, Laura Keane, Mrs. Hoey, Mrs. Jennings (Miss Henriques), Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. John Wood, Mary Gannon, Jane Coombs, and many others.

As an actor, Mr. Wallack takes first rank as a comedian, although he is equally at home in serious and semi-serious parts. He appears as a master in a greater variety of characters than almost any other actor, embracing *Sir Charles Coldstream*; *George Maurice* in "Lady of St. Tropez;" one of his most artistic rôles; *Claude Melnotte*; *St. Pierre* in Knowles' "Wife;" the hero of "The Poor Young Man;" *Alfred Evelyn*; *Charles Courtly*; *Littleton Coke*; *John Garth*; *Elliott Gray*; *Charles Surface*; *Hugh Chalcote*, in "Ours;" *Count de Beauvalle*, in "Pauline," and many others.

As a playwright Mr. Wallack has been uncommonly successful, having met with not a single failure. He is the author of "Rose-dale," "Central Park," "The Veteran," "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," etc. "The Wallacks," some one says, "have been the Adames of the New York stage." They have done all in their power to educate the popular taste, and elevate the standard of the drama. It will be long before we shall realize how many healthy, honest, pure plays, how many good old ones revived, and how many of the best stock actors known, we are indebted for to Mr. Lester Wallack and his father. Wallack's Theatre pursues a steady, even, honorable course of unvarying merit, and rests upon a solid reputation which the vicissitudes of the times have thus far failed to affect. Good actors can always be heard at Wallack's. Where can we find a better old man than John Gilbert? a better low comedian than Harry Beckett? a man with more varied capacity than John Brougham? or a better *soubrette* than Effie Gernon?—all members at the present time of Mr. Wallack's stock company. When "The School for Scandal" was played at the great charity performance at the Academy of Music in March last, nearly all the principal actors were picked from Wallack's Theatre!

Mr. Wallack is to-day a hearty, vigorous, young-looking man, who is able to play nightly at his own theatre, as he has been doing the whole of the past winter and spring, in a great number of old English comedies, and new plays. He married a sister of the celebrated English painter, John Everett Millais, and has a grown-up family of three sons and one daughter. It is a pleasing coincidence in his domestic life that his own and his wife's birthdays fall on New Year's day. Mr. Wallack lives on Thirtieth Street, in New York, near Fifth Avenue, in a home filled with all the luxuries and refinements which a great artist loves to collect about him.

LITERATURE.

Two love stories in metered prose, from the pen of Mary Cowden Clarke, entitled "The Trust" and "The Remittance," from the press of Roberts Brothers, Boston, are full of quiet beauty, unusually interesting as narratives, and worthy of consideration, since they contain much womanly philosophy regarding certain delicate positions in life. In "The Trust," the author has drawn a picture of an honest, honorable, manly, and self-contained man, who, under circumstances of extraordinary trial and temptation, was able to sacrifice his deepest feelings in deference to high moral sentiments, and the respect which he entertained for womanhood. As a reward for this noble action, he received at last the gift of the heart he so ardently desired, at a moment when he had no reason to suspect it would ever become his. The story of "The Trust" is a simple one. A poor boy, Edward Helme, who had learned carving and modeling under the tuition of a stone-mason, loved from first sight Clarice Merton, the daughter of Sir Horace Merton. Employed to make some vases for the terrace steps of Merton Hall, he attracted the kindly attention of Sir Horace. Failing in health, Sir Horace sailed for a distant land, accompanied by Clarice. A kind fate sent Edward Helme abroad at the same time, on the same ship. Feeling that his days were fast closing, Sir Horace confided Clarice to the care of Edward, saying:

"I feel my health is failing fast, and should I die, she will be left in foreign lands Alone and unprotected. Helme, if so, I look to you to guard her, think for her, Watch over her unceasingly, and see Her safely home again to Merton Hall."

Shortly after this conversation, the ship took fire, Sir Horace was lost, and Edward succeeded in saving Clarice, both being cast upon an uninhabited tropical island. Here it was Edward toiled for, watched over, and loved Clarice, never betraying his feelings, but keeping sacredly the trust reposed in him. The life led on the island is graphically described, reminding the reader of passages in "Enoch Arden." But we have to do principally with Edward's struggles. He says:

"What would have made My proudest, fondest hope, had she been here She could have still remained free mistress of Herself, to give or to withhold, now fanned My torture. Here, in this lone wilderness, Dependent as she was upon myself For sustenance, for all,—and where no rite Of holy union could be ours,—how dared I risk betrayal of my love, which might Draw forth the sweet confession of her own For me, if such, indeed, existed? Should I break my faith and violate the trust So solemnly confided to my charge,— So solemnly accepted by myself? No; never: come what might, I would be true And loyal to the death. None knew the cost, The struggle, the incessant agony Of this protracted strife between my love And my resolve, but God: and he gave strength To vanquish self, and to preserve my trust."

After many vicissitudes he had the satisfaction of seeing Miss Merton home again in her ancestral hall. No word of love had been spoken on either side, and Edward resumed his place as a poor artist, until he was summoned to the hall by its young mistress, the interview closing in the following highly satisfactory manner:

"Noblest, purest, best, And truest-hearted man!" she warmly said, With eyes that sparkled through bright jewel tears; "The sea-bruised girl cast at your very feet By tossing waves, you took up tenderly, You treated with all delicate respect For womanhood, you cherished, treasured her,— What should she be but yours?" I clasped her to My heart: she was my own by her free gift: My trust was trusted to me evermore."

The story of "The Remittance" is a good foil to that of "The Trust," since it represents a woman in a very difficult situation: one who toils, and waits, and performs her whole duty with such consummate tact and grace that in the end she is triumphant and happy. Here is the tale: Richard Middleton and Bernard Thorpe are old friends, the one living in India, the other a bachelor, toiling as a merchant in London. Richard borrows a large sum of money of Bernard, to save himself from ruin, and promises to send in a short time a remittance from India in payment. Bernard is crippled by the loss of this money, and works early and late to maintain his position in London. At last, after long waiting, Richard sends to Bernard his orphan daughter to care for and educate, instead of the hoped-for remittance, for Richard is unfortunate, loses his wife, and lies on his own death-bed. The poor, uneducated, sad girl is received into Bernard's house with many misgivings; but as time passes, she proves to be an angel of goodness and happiness, and in the end becomes Bernard's wife. This story is elaborately wrought, filled with graceful and tender passages. The spirit of the whole story is contained in the following extract. Bernard Thorpe has found a portrait of his old friend Dick:

"Grace, did you Draw this?" he said, at length. "I did," was her Low-toned reply; "I took it once when he Was reading to my mother, full of glee. At news he had received: she thought it like." "Tis very like," the merchant answered, with A deep-drawn breath,— "poor Dick! poor Dick!" Grace had Been nervously observing Bernard, as He looked upon the crayon-sketch; but when She heard his sighing word there came a light Into her face,—a sweet, glad light,—a light That seemed a softened reflex of the bright Expression in her father's: "Then you love Him still? I thought,—I feared"—she stopped. "I loved Him from a boy; he saved my life; I love His memory still, in thinking of his bright And kindly nature. Could you fear I ceased To love your father? Dear, old eager Dick!" "I fancied,—dreaded,—the remittance that He failed to send might cause you to—" He sent A treasure, priceless household treasure, that Outvalues all the sums of India!" said The merchant, in an earnest under-breath."

A book of interest to all classes of readers, but intended for the use of schools and learners in art, is a volume on "Modern Painters and their Paintings," recently from the press of Roberts Brothers,

Boston, and edited by Sarah Tytler. This work is concisely written, and admirably arranged. It treats first of English art, commencing with Thornhill in 1676, and glancing at the more celebrated English artists from that day to the present. Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Copley, Turner, Mulready, Maclise, Landseer, Holman Hunt, Cruikshank, Leech, and many others, are written of in a pleasing and instructive manner. Of Benjamin West, the American painter, who succeeded Reynolds as president of the Royal Academy, we read:

"The Archbishop of York presented West to the king, George III., who took a violent fancy to a young man, quiet, steady, and domestic, as the good king himself. George's not very intellectual or artistic taste imagined that he had discovered, with all the glory of the discovery, a great genius. The American war did not shake the king's fidelity to his protégé. George III.'s almost entire patronage was thenceforth given to Benjamin West. The royal regard, thus exclusive, was viewed with lively indignation by many other painters, with claims to notice, but struggling for bread, while West was receiving from royal commissions, for a period of thirty years, sums at the rate of a thousand pounds a year, then considered a large income to be derived from art. Neither was the king's exclusive patronage beneficial to Benjamin West himself as an artist, though as a man he remained the simple, unpretending kindly man he had come to England."

French, German, and modern continental artists are written about, and, as usual, a few pages are added to the work on "American Painters," the material for which appears to have been drawn from Mr. Tuckerman's works. Of the American artists briefly noticed there are Allston, Huntington, Leutze, Page, Church, Bierstadt, Catlin, Cropsey, Audubon, Chapman, Freeman, Vedder, Jewell, and one or two others.

A notice of Wilhelm von Kaulbach, who died in April last in Germany, contains the following criticism upon his works by Rossetti:

"Kaulbach betrayed no want of originality and vigor, even in his early adherence to the exaltation and severity of aim demanded by Cornelius. On the contrary, there was some foundation for a charge of occasional violence of effect in the painter. No one would deny the power and bold invention of Kaulbach; but he, too, loads his composition with system and abstruse intention. He keeps his eyes wider open than Cornelius and Overbeck to what real men and women look like, and his first notion of character and action is generally vivid. But he determines to be truer than truth, stronger than strength, and livelier than life, and ends by giving you a characteristic academic abstract when you had bargained for a human being. Unnumbered by German traditions and the incubus of the grandeur of the old masters, Kaulbach might have continued to this day the genius which nature made him, and which he showed himself in such works as 'The Madhouse.' As it is, he labors with huge thoughts, and secures the acclamation of Europe, and chiefly of Germany, for every step he strays further from true achievement in art. At least his steps are the strides of a lusty man, not the mincing of a coxcomb, nor the shuffling of a monk."

Mr. Frank Vincent, Jr., has given to the world, through Harper & Brothers, a valuable book of travels, called "The Land of the White Elephant," which is a description of a tour made in a three years' journey through farther India, embracing Borneo, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China. The recent works on these far-away lands have made them almost as familiar to the American public as the States of their own Union. Mrs. Leonowens has written intelligently of Siam and its people, but she did not exhaust the subject, for we find Mr. Vincent's book as fresh and entertaining as if it were the first one written treating of life in Southeastern Asia. The style of this author is to be commended: clear, concise, and always to the point. "The Land of the White Elephant" contains more facts, and gives the reader a better idea of the peoples met and the sights seen, than half-a-dozen ordinary books of travel. Once having set out on the journey with Mr. Vincent, by perusing his pages, the reader is loth to leave the book until the final paragraph has been read. The volume has been handsomely illustrated, and contains numerous maps and plans. "The Land of the White Elephant" is so called because Buddhists have a special reverence for white quadrupeds, the belief being that Buddha, the divine emanation from the Deity, must necessarily, in his multitudinous metamorphoses, or transmissions through all existences, and through millions of *cons*, delight to abide for some time in that grand incarnation of purity which is represented by the white elephant. Thus it follows that in the possession of this sacred creature they may possess the presence of Buddha himself. These elephants are valued at fifty thousand dollars each, and on all the royal flags, seals, medals, and moneys, the white elephant is the national emblem. Strangest of all, the white elephant is not *white*, nor any thing like it. It is of a coffee color, a dull, yellowish brown—white only by contrast with his darker brother.

To us the most valuable and interesting chapter in this book is the one devoted to a description of the ruins of the great temple at Angkor, in Siam. These are as imposing as the ruins of Thebes or Memphis, and more mysterious. They are grander than any thing left to us in Greece or Rome. The temple is an oblong, 796 feet in length by 588 in width, with a central pagoda 250 feet high, and four corner towers 150 feet high. The whole is built of solid stone, without cement, and elaborately carved in *basso-relievo*. The gallery of sculptures contains over half a mile of continuous pictures, six feet in width, in which one hundred thousand separate figures are represented. There are six thousand huge stone columns in this temple, each cut from a solid block, and all carved. This temple, supposed to be two thousand years old, is in a remarkable state of preservation. Mr. Vincent gives a large number of views of the building and a complete ground plan. He also describes, in a very entertaining manner, a tour through Cambodia, giving a full description of the king's new palace, the finest in all Asia.

The first volume of an important and valuable, as well as a highly artistic work, has been issued from the house of John E. Potter & Co., of Philadelphia, under the title of "Potter's Complete Bible Encyclopedia." When completed, this work will consist of three large and handsome volumes, aggregating about two thousand quarto brevier pages, with over three thousand finely executed engravings. Rev. Dr. William Blackwood is the editor, assisted by eminent divines of several Evangelical denominations. The scope of this work is exceedingly comprehensive, embracing history, biography, geography, the sciences, and a general fund of universal religious information, making it a companion book to the Bible. The style in which this book is printed is admirable.

ART.

NATIONAL ACADEMY ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

THE forty-ninth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, in New York City, was opened to the public on the 9th of April, and proved to be one of the best, as well as the largest which has been held since the organization of the Academy. For a number of years past the exhibitions have been so poor, there was reason to fear, if no revival in art took place, that in a few years more the Academy would have outlived its usefulness, if it did not cease to exist altogether. Much praise is due to the president of the Academy, Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, and to such other artist-officers as Mr. W. Whittredge and Mr. T. Addison Richards, for the work they have accomplished in inducing the artists of New York to put forth their best efforts and send their pictures to the exhibition. With the hearty co-operation of the artists and the officers, the spring exhibition proved to be worthy of the Academy, and contained abundant promises of far better things in the future. Heretofore many artists have held the notion that to exhibit a picture in the Academy injured its prospects for a sale, on the ground that no gentleman cares to purchase a picture with which the public is already familiar. This year some twelve or fifteen thousand dollars worth of pictures were sold while they hung upon the Academy walls, showing that good pictures will find purchasers anywhere.

There are so many clubs and galleries in New York where pictures are exhibited, that the Academy was forced to adopt a rule obliging artists to contribute works never before shown. This became necessary as an act of self-preservation, for the Academy should stand at the head of all exhibitions, and not become a side show to some club house. The standard of admission was placed higher this year than usual, so that out of some six hundred pictures offered for the exhibition, over two hundred were rejected. With mostly really good pictures on the walls of the Academy, in many cases the best our artists can paint, and all new, it is not surprising so many of them found ready purchasers. All the galleries were well filled with pictures, judiciously hung by Messrs. David Johnson, Carl L. Brandt, and J. B. Irving. Some of the canvases were very large, and if this tendency increases, the Academy will have to be enlarged, or a limit prescribed for the size of pictures.

The number of artists contributing to the exhibition were two hundred and thirty-four, representing, with one or two exceptions, every American artist of note, as well as several celebrated European painters. A few of the most notable pictures in the exhibition were as follows: C. C. Coleman sent from Rome three pieces, two of which were important—"Interior, Chapel of San Giorgio, in the City of Perugia, in Umbria," extremely well painted; and "Street in Rome, with Figures," the latter done almost to the life. A. Schenck was represented with one of the finest pieces in the collection—"Lost!—Souvenir of the Mountains of Auvergne, France," a canvas which expressed all the fury of a driving snow-storm, and showed a flock of life-like sheep crowding together in the foreground. William Page contributed three portraits, one a new, full-length conception of Shakespeare, the face painted from a study of the celebrated German mask; and the second, a very satisfactory portrait of Col. R. G. Shaw. Elihu Vedder, now in Rome, had two pictures, the most remarkable of which was the "Fête Champêtre," a work of great merit, and as odd as it was good.

The exhibition was strong in good marine views, three of the large canvases being especially noteworthy, viz: M. F. H. De Haas' "Breaking up of a Storm at Star Island;" Wm. T. Richards' "A New England Coast;" and Edward Moran's "The Tempest, from David Copperfield." It may be doubted if any recent European exhibition could show such masterly marine views. Other marine pieces worthy of mention were "Foggy Weather at Grand Menan," by R. Swain Gifford; "The East River in February," by Wm. L. Sonntag; "After the Rain," by J. C. Nicoll, and "Time and Tide," by A. T. Bricher.

A large number of portraits were exhibited, the finest being by Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Loop; Carl L. Brandt; Thomas Hicks; "Whitlaw Reid," by George A. Story; "Daniel Leroy," and the late "James Gordon Bennett," by W. Oliver Stone; "Bryant," by T. Le Clear; "Hon. George M. Tibbits" and "Mrs. Tibbits," by D. Huntington; "Edward Moran" and "Peter Cooper," by B. F. Reinhart; "Miss Agnes Ethel," by V. Tojetti, and "Hon. Chief Judge Charles P. Daly," by Thomas Jensen.

Other great pictures in the exhibition, worthy of extended notices, were "The Song," by S. W. Van Schaick; "Pompeii—interior—Preparing for a Bridal," by A. Seifoni; "A Brookside in Normandy," by James C. Thom; "Summer in the Blue Ridge," by H. Bolton Jones; "Miles Standish and his Men," by G. H. Boughton; "October on the Erie Railroad," by David Johnson; landscapes by William Hart; war scenes by Julian Scott; "Lady Godiva," by J. O. Eaton; "Plains of Thebes, from Omba," by J. Rollin Tilton; landscapes by Charles H. Miller; "Roses," by G. C. Lambdin; "The Portico of the Palace of Octavia," by Robert W. Weir; "Sunset on the Sweet Water, Wyoming," by S. R. Gifford; "Hiding in the Old Oak," by J. G. Brown; "Labrador," by W. Bradford; "Strayed Maskers," by Eugene Benson; "After the War," and "Veronica Gazing upon the Face of her Dead Rival," by Pietro Vaini; "Opening in the Clouds," by William Hart; "A Home by the Sea," by W. Whittredge; "On the Road to Mount Marcy," by Arthur Parton; "California Forest," by A. Bierstadt; "Venetian Sails," by S. R. Gifford; "Venus," by E. Wood Perry; "Washing-Day," by George Inness; "Scene on the Coast of Brittany," by James McNeil Whistler; "Brook Study," by David Johnson; "The Village-Post Office," by T. W. Wood; and "Going to the Opera," by S. J. Guy.

The sculpture room of this exhibition contained twenty-three specimens of the plastic art. Most of these were portrait busts contributed by the following artists: "Peter Gilsey," by W. R. O'Donovan; "Rev. Dr. John Maclean," of Princeton College, by Charles Calverly; "James T. Brady," by J. Q. A. Ward; "Hon. Thomas Plunkett," by L. Thompson; "Hon. W. F. Havemeyer" and "Dr. Fuller-Walker," by Julia Griffin.

"THE ALDINE PRESS."—JAMES SUTTON & CO., Printers and Publishers, 58 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

M70U



A STORM IN THE MOUNTAINS.—THOMAS MORAN.

U of M